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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Sermons.

NO. XXVIII.

KEDRON AND GETHSEMANE.

JOHN xiii. 1. He went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden.

That season of the year is arrived, my friends, in which you celebrate the birthday of your liberties. That summer season of the heart is come, in which you commemorate the able defenders of your rights, the brave deliverers of your country; when with peculiar emotion you remember the wise statesman and the undaunted champion, the victor and the devoted, of the revolution. At the names of Warren, Hancock, and Adams, Franklin, La Fayette, and Washington,—at these names, and names resembling these, which time shall delight to honor, and which immortality shall hallow and love, you feel the warm swell, the life-blood current of your heart, grow stronger and more glowing. Even the battle ground of other days, when Freedom witnessed the struggles of her sons,—those scenes of valor and victory, of triumph or misfortune, awake in your bosom a throb of enthusiasm and gratitude. Yes,—At the very sound of Bunker-Hill or Brandywine, White Plains, or Yorktown, Monmouth or Saratoga, the dark and wintry passage of the Delaware,—you live in the past, you thank God for the present, and you hail in the future the vision of your country's glory.

Ah my friends, candidates for an immortal life, does HE alone who loves his country, does the PATRIOT alone, find souls that elevate and scenes that inspire? O believe not, believe not, the unjust surmise. The Christian, too, has his souls of sublimity, his scenes of inspiration. The Christian too, has his glorious company of prophets and apostles, his noble army of martyrs, and Jesus Christ, the great deliverer from the power of death. The Christian, too, has his Bethlehem and Nazareth, his banks of the Jordan and shores of Gennesareth, his mount of transfiguration, his dark passage of the Kedron, his garden of Olivet, his mount Calvary. Every spot, which the foot of his master impressed, is full of tender association; every spot, on which his eye beamed benevolence, weaves the verdure of immortality; every spot, which his heavenly voice saluted, he deems consecrated to the heart and the soul. While therefore, my friends, you approve the ardor of the patriot, while you would even emulate his impulses in regard to the glory of your independence;—come with me this morning to the HOLY LAND of the CHRISTIAN, come to the birth-place of redemption, cross the brook Kedron, and enter yonder garden of Gethsemane.

1. The brook Kedron flows immediately by Jerusalem, washing its eastern boundary. It is a small temporary stream, sometimes wholly dry, and sometimes swollen by powerful rains to a torrent: descending from the mountains of the north, it runs through the valley of Jehoshaphat, and passes off to the south into the Dead Sea.

According to Maimonides, an eminent Jew of the twelfth century, there was a foot causeway, or bridge partly supported on arches, extending from the temple across this valley to the mount of Olives. By this passage was the victim led, whose ashes were to form a ceremonial of universal purification. Alas, a nobler victim is passing the causeway now, the lamb slain from the foundation of the world, appointed to purify all who would welcome his blood of sprinkling, and apply it to their hearts.

It was by this bridge-passage across the Kedron, that David made his escape from Jerusalem, when his son Absalom had usurped the government. He went up by the ascent of mount Olivet: he wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and his feet bare. And all the people who were with him, covered every one his own head; and they went up weeping, weeping with a loud voice as they went. And when David reached the summit of the mountain, he worshipped God.

Ah, little did this monarch imagine, that his illustrious descendant, the Messiah, was there, more than a thousand years afterward, to weep over his beloved city,—was to cry 'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' from that same eminence. Little did this monarch imagine, that He whom the multitudes of Jerusalem would salute, Hosannah to the Son of David! blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord! Hosannah in the highest!—that even he would cross the Kedron, oppressed with the weight of sorrow; would suffer the extremest dread and depression in the garden of Olivet; would be betrayed by one of his own favored companions; would be apprehended by his enemies, re-conducted to the city, accused of blasphemy and rebellion, condemned, and crucified.

Mysterious are the views of the Omniscient; mysterious are the appointments of infinite Wisdom. Thy way, O Lord, is on the sea; thy path is on the deep waters; yet thy footsteps are unperceived and unknown. That divine personage, who was a ray of God's glory, and an image of his perfections; he to whom the Supreme Being did not impart his spirit by measure; he whom the Eternal commissioned as a mediator, a reconciler, a redeemer, the Savior of the world; even this exalted being you behold a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. You see him, now little more than thirty years old, endure the prospect of crucifixion almost immediately impending over him. You see him celebrate the passover for the last time. At the close of this festival, you *hear* him institute the Sacramental Supper, and bless the memorials of his death. This do in remembrance of me. O what consideration for human infirmity is here! what affection for the souls, which he came to purify for the divine presence! He loves them to the last; he leaves them a bond of intimacy and union with himself, a medium of communication between earth and heaven.

2. You now see Jesus enjoy, with his little band, a soothing and elevating hymn. This too is for the last time. You then listen to his discourse in the guest-chamber. Oh how affectionate, how consolatory, how sublime, that farewell of the heart! You observe him rise in the midst of it, as if overwhelmed with the future, appalled by the shadows of coming events: you see him conduct his disconsolate followers into the open air: you see him lead them toward the Kedron, instructing, admonishing, and comforting them as he advances: Let not your heart be troubled. Confide in me also. In my Father's house are many mansions. I will come again, and receive you to myself; that where I am, ye also may be. Greater love has no man, greater love can no man discover, than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I go to the Father; for my Father is greater than I.

This melancholy group you now perceive crossing the bridge of the Kedron,—in the depth of night. It is the full moon of the passover; but heavy black clouds enwrap both earth and sky, as if nature sympathized with the Savior in his hour of deep distress. Objects are obscurely discerned amid the gloom. Mysterious sounds come wafted on the still air. A murmur, as of a remote multitude, comes from Jerusalem: dull and dead, the hollow sounds grow on the ear. The whispering of the waters, passing underneath the arches, breathes upon the heart a supernatural awe; while voices of mourning, as it were voices of pitying spirits, seem to descend from the region of the clouds. You behold the group slowly pass over, and, at the foot of Olivet, enter the fatal garden,—the garden of Gethsemane.

Many times has this inclosure welcomed the Messiah and his companions; many times has it afforded a retreat from toil, a retreat for prayer, friendly communion, and tranquil enjoyment. Alas, it is a scene of composure, of sweet communion, no more. The hour of agony, the hour of apprehension, is momently approaching,—it is come.

Jesus says to his disciples, 'Sit down here, while I go and pray yonder.' Then he takes with him Peter, James, and John, withdraws with them about a stone's cast, and thus expresses to them the sinking of his overburdened heart: 'My soul is overwhelmed with intense anguish and consternation,—even unto death: remain here, and watch.' Then he removes a little from them, falls on his face, and prays, saying:—'O my Father, all things are possible to thee:—take away this cup from me:—yet not what I will, but what thou wilt.'

He then returns to those three disciples, finds them asleep, and says to Peter: *Simon*, sleepest *thou*? couldst not *thou* watch *one hour*? Watch and pray, that you yourselves enter not into these trials. The *spirit* indeed is willing, but human nature is weak.

A second time he goes away and prays, 'O my Father, if this cup cannot pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.'

Then he returns, and again finds them asleep; for their eyes are heavy, and they know not what to answer him.

A third time he leaves them; and being in an agony, he prays more earnestly; and his sweat becomes, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Alas, is there no help? is there no voice of sympathy? is there no eye to pity, no arm to save, no being to alleviate a pressure like this? Are both earth and heaven insensible to his strong crying and tears? Behold, all ye who distrust the power of prayer; behold, an angel is commissioned from heaven, to strengthen and support,—to comfort and encourage in the valley of humiliation. Then never, oh never distrust the Omnipresent,—Him who heareth prayer. All ye who are suppliants in sincerity, Jehovah *will* hear you in the day of trouble: the name of the God of Jacob will defend you: he will send you help from the Sanctuary, and strengthen you from Zion.

3. Now when Jesus rises up from prayer, blessed be God! he feels the mortal paroxysm gone; but when he comes to his disciples,—O feeble humanity!—he finds them asleep from sorrow. Once more he says to them: 'Do you still sleep, and take your rest? It is all over now: the hour, the moment of distress, is come: behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Arise; let us go; behold, he who delivers me up, is here.'

Immediately, even while the words are on his lips, Judas appears: he has received a band of soldiers and officers from the chief priests, from the elders and Pharisees, and he approaches with lanterns and torches and weapons. Advancing a few steps before the crowd, the traitor presumes to draw near to Jesus and to kiss him. But Jesus fastens his eye upon him, and exclaims with awful emotion:—'JUDAS!—betrayest thou the Son of man with a *kiss*?'—Knowing all therefore that is coming upon him, he turns from the traitor,—the wretch who barters life for silver,—moves forward in a sublime self-possession, the majesty of innocence, and says to officers and soldiers,—'Whom seek ye?'

They answered him: 'Jesus of Nazareth!'

Jesus replies, 'I am he.'

No sooner does he utter this expression, I am he, than they shrink back over-awed, and fall to the ground shuddering.

Again therefore he demands, 'Whom seek ye?' They say, 'Jesus of Nazareth.'

Jesus answers, 'I have *told* you that *I* am he: if therefore ye seek *me*, let these depart.'

Then the crowd press forward, trembling with guilt, fear, and superstition: they lay their ruffian hands on Jesus, and apprehend him.

And behold, Simon Peter can restrain his vehement emotion no longer. His hot hand,—long has it been grasping his sword. He now unsheathes the sword; and while the torch-light streams upon the uplifted blade, he rushes to his master's defence. He wields the weapon like a madman; he smites a servant of the high priest, and cuts off his right ear. But Jesus instantly interposes, and exclaims:—'Hold! so far as this, Peter!'* and touching the man's ear, he heals him. Then he says to this ardent disciple, 'Put up your sword into the scabbard; the cup which my *Father* has given me, shall I not drink it? Do you imagine, that I cannot this moment beseech him? and he would send to my rescue more than twelve legions of angels. But how then could the scriptures be fulfilled, which declare these events to be inevitable?'

Then all the disciples forsake him and flee. They flee amid the obscurity of night; they flee into the recesses of Gethsemane, the groves of Olivet,—or repass the Kedron to their saddened homes. They forsake that beloved Lord, who has just interposed to secure their safety. They leave him alone, as he foretold them; yet he is not alone, because the Father is with him.

And where is Judas, that black-souled traitor?—Better had it been for that miserable man, had he never seen the light. He plunges amid the darkness,—the horror and hell of his own conscience,—the memory of ingratitude and baseness unexampled. Remorse, despair, self-murder,—these are crushing the miscreant to the dust. He perishes: this very morning, even *before* the master he has betrayed, he perishes.

And where is he, who promised to accompany his master both to prison and to death? Where is he, who *has* faced the multitude unterrified? Alas, even the impassioned Peter,—he too stands remote. He beholds the torches flashing upon the trees of the gardens, flashing upon the waters of the Kedron, upon the swords, the clubs, the fierce gestures, the infuriate faces of the throng. Even Peter's heart fails him: he follows,—follows but to deny the master he loves,—the Son of the living God,—who has the words of everlasting life. From this scene of agonizing woe, he sees him led away bound to Annas—to the palace of Caiphas—to the judgment-hall of Pontius Pilate—to an extorted condemnation—to mockery—to being spit upon—to blows of the fist—to blows of the palms of the hands—to the purple robe, the reed of royalty, the crown of thorns, and being kneeled to in derision: alas, within a few hours, he beholds him hurried to Calvary, and his tender limbs nailed, shrinking to the cross.

Sinners of the gospel, behold the man; look unto him, and live. He passes the brook Kedron weeping: it is for you. He is agonized in Gethsemane: those blood-like drops are falling for you. He endures the inhumanities of his nation: there is a cause, an awful cause,—it is your sins. In the moment of desertion, he cries with a loud voice: Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani. O sinners, this voice, this heart-subduing voice, is for you. He proclaims on the moment of sinking nature, It is finished; bows his languid head, and expires. Dying, dying mortals, he is tried in all things like yourselves. He compassionately feels for your infirmities. He discovers this resemblance to you, that you may bear his cross daily, follow him, and enter into his glory.

O then, come to him, weary and heavy laden, receive the rest he gives. At his smile of welcome, bring in your adherence. Give proof of your allegiance and loyalty. Give up, at his voice of invitation, your insupportable burdens. Believe me, there is nothing stable on earth but hope in Christ,—but confidence in his blessed disclosures. O then, live for immortality;—become heirs of light, and sons of God. To him unite yourselves by bonds indissoluble as eternity. Embrace his overtures; take his honored name; breathe his heavenly spirit; observe his life-giving principles of conduct. Learn of him as your master and exemplar. Like him, be meek and lowly in heart; be devout and affectionate like him; and like him ye shall find rest to your souls. For his yoke is easy, and his burden is light.

My Christian friends, allow me to indulge the persuasion, that from month to month you *do* experience something of this ease of heart, something of this lightness of soul, something of this peace with God surpassing comprehension. You feel, I trust, more and more of your oppressive burdens removed; you attain to a stronger and stronger assurance, that you are nearer to salvation now, than you were when you believed. Like your perfect exemplar, indeed, you cross your stream of sorrow; but you experience the 'uses of adversity to be sweet.' You enter your garden of suffering; but angels from heaven, you feel, are encamping around you, strengthening and delivering you. From every pressure you rise elastic: a divine vigor imparts lightness to your step: you march on in the energy of Him, whose grace, he has promised, shall be sufficient for you. O blessed promise! Give him glory for its bestowal. Every year attach yourselves more warmly to his interest. Every month become more faithful and confiding, every week more watchful and given to prayer. Whenever your Father sends you a night of calamity,—for these shadows of death be commissions to all,—remember your Master's passing the Kedron, and his mysterious trials of Gethsemane.

Come then, brethren and sisters, come this morning;—not to the swelling of Jordan; not to the torrent of Kedron; not to the horror, the heart-appalling fears, of Gethsemane;—O no, my Christian friends,—come to a fountain, whose waters flow on to eternity untroubled;—come to the shores of the water of life, proceeding from the throne of God and the lamb;—come to the margin of that river, whose gentle streams make glad the city of God, whose sweet murmurs enliven and refresh the garden of the Most High;—that garden, in the midst of which rises the Tree of Life, producing fruit every month, and affording leaves for the healing of the world,—the health, vigor, and expansion of the soul. O come to the bread of life, the cup of blessing;—to the dear bosom of him, who welcomes his friends on earth, who illuminates their minds, elevates their hopes, purifies their hearts; and when the sun of their probation goes down, when the waves of Kedron are overpassed, and the garden of Gethsemane forever fades from their view, who lifts upon their vision the sweet dawning of an eternal day, and bids them welcome to his own home in heaven. Friends of a crucified Savior, here is love, perfect love: not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent his Son to proclaim this blessed news of salvation,—even this,—that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.

*See Wakefield. The common rendering is feeble.

LUTHER never was ashamed of the time when, pressed by hunger, he sadly begged his bread. So far from it, that he thought with gratitude of the poverty of his youth. He regarded it as the means which God employed to make him what he afterwards became, and he felt thankful for it. The condition of poor children who were forced to pursue the same life, touched his heart. 'Do not despise,' said he 'the boys who, in singing before the houses, ask their bread for the love of God; for I have done the same thing. It is true that afterwards my father generously and faithfully supported me at the university of Erfurt, and aided me by the sweat of his brow. But I have been a poor beggar. And now, by means of my pen, I have come so far that I would not change fortunes with the Grand Turk himself. Moreover, if a man were to hoard up all that the world can bestow, I would not take it in exchange for what I have. And yet I would not have arrived at this point if I had not been sent to school, and if I had not learned to write.' Thus the illustrious man found the origin of his glory in his first humble beginning. He was not ashamed or afraid to remember that the voice, whose accents startled the empire and the world, a little while ago begged bread in the streets of a poor city.—*D'Aubigne.*

Translated for the Register and Observer.

GERMAN PARABLES.

1. *Adam and the Seraph.*

One evening Adam rested on a hill under a tree in the garden of Eden. His brow was turned upwards and looked at the Heavens. A Seraph stood before him and said, 'why lookest thou so anxiously to the Heavens? What lackest thou, Adam?' What should I lack, replied the father of the human race, here in this dwelling of peace? But mine eye looks to the stars which glitter above. And I wish for the wings of the eagle, to soar up to them and to see their radiant forms near at hand.

Thou hast these wings answered the seraph. And he touched Adam, and Adam sank to slumber and dreamed, and he thought in his dream that he soared to the Heavens.

At length he awoke; he looked around and was surprised that he was resting on the hill under the tree. But the Seraph stood before him and said, what thinkest thou Adam? Adam answered and said. Lo! I was above, in the vaults of Heaven, and wandered among the stars, and soared around Orion, the seven stars and the Hyades,—radiant worlds, great and lordly like the sun, rolled over me,—the white path thou seest above, is a sea of light full of glistening worlds. Above this sea of light is another, and yet another. And on these radiant worlds dwell beings like me, and pray to the Lord and praise his name. Seraph, hast thou led me?

This tree, answered the seraph, has overshadowed thee, and on this hill has thy body reposed. But behold, Adam, in thee dwells a seraph who can soar through the courses of the worlds, and the higher he ascends, the more profoundly he worships before Jehovah. Son of the dust, honor and watch this seraph, lest pleasure should weaken his wing and bind him to the earth.

Thus spoke the seraph and vanished.

2. *The Invisible Prince.*

In a distant land towards the East dwelt a little nation which was superstitious and idolatrous. When they consulted a Kader about the choice of a ruler, they agreed to choose a stranger; and they selected a young man of the house of Israel, whose name was Abia; they chose him for their king. It was about the time when Shalmanassar destroyed the house of Israel and dispersed the people over all the world.

But Abia, a pious man, was much disturbed because he was to rule over an idolatrous people. And since he could not avoid it, he mourned in his heart. But the spirit of the Lord said to him, Thinkest thou I could not destroy their idols? Yet I let my sun shine upon them. Do likewise.

So Abia left them alone, and ruled wisely. Then he thought, perhaps my son might succeed. When the hour came for him to depart from them, he said to the people, Behold I am about to die, and my son shall be your King. You have not seen his face. But you will know his government by its fruits. Follow him, he will conduct you wisely.

The people promised to do so, and when Abia was departed, they obeyed the unknown ruler to their great advantage, for his government was like that of a father, and the commandments that proceeded from his gates were Wisdom, Righteousness and Goodness. Like the rays of the sun, veneration for the unknown ruler diffused itself over all the inhabitants of the land. When there was distress, the King's help appeared. Thereupon the people wondered, and said one to another, We do not see him, how can he see us? For he lived in the retirement of his court, and no man saw his face.

So much the more the people desired to look upon him and to bless him; and they said, We have our gods before our eyes, we can see and handle them; why then should we not see the face of our King, who is more than a father to us. Others made imaginary likenesses of him, and one man said of one he had made, See, that is he, it must be like him.

Finally the anxiety was very great, and the people assembled about the doors of the court, and intreated with one consent, Ah, may our Lord the King let us see his face.

Then the lofty gates were opened; the King appeared in simple garments, and said to the people, I am your King. Then the people blessed him and shouted aloud. But as they looked on him they were all astonished and said, We know thy face. For he had often been amongst them, but they did not know him and took him for a stranger or a servant.

The King nodded, and when silence was made he opened his mouth and exclaimed, Now you see me that I am a man like you. You think that these hands, and feet, these eyes and lips, which are mortal and corruptible, have ruled over you. No! that which has led, blessed, and rejoiced you through me,—that you cannot see nor look upon. I myself cannot see it. Can you see Wisdom, Goodness and Righteousness? They were near you, as I walked unknown among you. You see me, but you see not them. Judge for yourselves what I am in my earthly form. Can the visible produce the invisible. What is in me is not mine, but his who has made me your King.

So spoke the illustrious Prince. But the people returned to their homes, blessing and thanking him, and they broke up the images and likenesses they had made of him.

Soon after they broke to pieces their idols and believed in the invisible.

(From the Providence Journal.)

UNITARIAN CHURCH—NEW BEDFORD MASS.

On a visit, a few days since, to New Bedford, Mr Editor, I saw the beautiful church recently erected and dedicated there. And as it is from a design of an accomplished and ingenious fellow citizen, Major Russell Warren, and the carpentry was executed by the Messrs Martin, also of our city, it deserves at least a passing notice in the Journal. The masonry was done by Mr Seth H. Ingalls, of New Bedford.

The exterior of the church presents to the eye a grand and imposing specimen of the Gothic architecture, equal, if not superior, to any thing in that style yet executed amongst us. It is built entirely of native granite, rough ashler laid in courses, and is eighty feet wide by one hundred and eight feet long; the walls are three feet and a half thick in the basement, and above the basement to the top two and a half, rising forty feet to the summit of the battlements. There are more than seven thousand tons of stone in the entire building, and some single blocks weigh eight tons. The roof is covered with tin, painted.

There are a centre tower, and towers on each corner; each of them having heavy buttresses on the corners, and crowned with proper battlements, all of granite to the very top. The buttresses of the towers are displayed, and project five feet from the wall, showing four feet in front. The faces of these towers are perforated with the cross, and with plain perpendicular crenelles, and in the lower section have each a heavy shield in relief. The centre tower is twenty two feet square, and one hundred and twenty two feet high;—the other sixteen feet square and 72 feet high. The windows, four on each side of the church, are very beautiful; being of the lancet arch form, five feet two inches wide, by twenty three feet high to the point of the arch, made with proper mullions, transoms, and tracery work richly wrought and the sashes filled with diamond ground glass, six inches by twelve. Between the windows on the side of the church are massive body buttresses.—There is also a window in the front of the centre tower over the chief entrance; and a large window in the rear of the pulpit. The doors are also of the lancet arch form; and the principal door-way in the great tower is wrought in very bold and elegant proportions in the solid stone. The front yard is enclosed by a rich iron fence and gateway, with granite towers at intervals.

On entering the church from the great tower, the nave presents on either side of the principal aisle, a range of clustered columns with corresponding pilasters on the walls, sustaining a beautiful ceiling of groined arches with the ribs in full relief, and the centre ceiling rising to the height of forty two feet. The pulpit is elevated on a platform ten feet broad, by thirty feet long, rising four feet from the floor of the body of the church, and occupying the entire length of the niche opposite the head of the middle aisle. From each side of the niche a door leads to a retiring room ten by seventeen feet; and in the centre of the niche is an elegant window, formed and ornamented like the rest twelve feet wide by twenty five feet high. The front of the platform is guarded by a balustrade fully ornamented with rich tracery, corresponding exactly with the front of the opposite gallery; and broken at intervals by two square, and two octagon pedestals, crowned with battlements, and designed to be used as candelbra.

The pulpit is trimmed with crimson silk damask; the pews are lined with rich worsted damask of the same color, and are numbered on small plates of German silver. There are one hundred and twelve pews on the floor. The church throughout is carpeted. The bell is one of the 'Spanish Convent Bells,' recently sold in New York, and is a gift from Moses H. Grinnell, Esq. of that city, but we are constrained to say, that though perhaps sweet enough in its tones, it is in other qualities of sound, unworthy of so grand a tower.

Altogether it is an exceedingly beautiful church; one of the few good specimens of Gothic architecture which our country possesses. And while it is an additional ornament to a town already embellished with an unusual number of costly and elegant buildings, confers great credit upon the skill and taste of the architect, the skill of the artificers, and the liberality of the congregation, who have erected it. There is something very striking to the beholder who views its exterior; whether by night or by day, in the dim mist or the bright sunshine. All is chaste, sombre, grand; and so enduring does it seem at the first glance, that he is irresistably led to think of the countless throngs who from generation to generation, shall be gathered within those massy walls, to be borne anew to God and holiness—of the time, too, when those walls themselves shall be moss grown and hoary with the wear of centuries—of the eternity, moreover, which they may even now seem to symbolize, both of the gospel to whose ministrations and worship they are consecrated, and of that world of which it speaks!

[From the New York Observer.]

PAUL ON MARS' HILL.

ATHENS, December, 1837.

It might have been several days before Paul's arguments in the Agora, or market place, excited the notice of the Athenian philosophers. Part of his audience were a set of lounging philosophic dandies, eyeing the Apostle in his eloquent ardor, with a supercilious, pretended indifference and contempt; others would be more gravely attentive to the matter of his discourses. He displayed the truths, which he only, of all the thousands in that idolatrous city, possessed, with unwonted energy; and we may well suppose that the uncommon spectacle of a man speaking from the heart, with strong feeling and heavenly inspiration, on the subject of religion, would attract notice. The appearance of sincerity alone would excite surprise; but Paul spake moved by the Holy Ghost, and so impressed were some of them with what they heard as they watched him in the market place, that they seem respectfully to have waited upon him, requesting him to accompany them to the court of the Areopagus, where he might more elaborately and philosophically exhibit to them his system. The invitation was itself a proof, not only of the supremacy of divine truth, but of the power with which he had been reasoning and disputing.

There are sixteen steps at present, and there were probably eighteen then, cut in the rock of Mars' Hill, on the south eastern side towards the Acropolis, the court of the Judges being directly at the top. It was a rocky space, rough hewn, with seats around, open to the sky, and so near the edge of the craggy precipitous face of the Hill, that no building or obstacle of any kind could have intervened to prevent the view around, either of the city or the Acropolis. Up these steps the Apostle came from the Agora, where he had been conversing, attended by curious listeners, and rejoicing in his heart at the opportunity given him by his beloved Lord of testifying against the superstition and idolatry of the city. Gathering up his garments, he ascended to the Hill with the Epicureans and Stoics who had encountered him, relying upon divine grace to acquit himself with honor to his Divine Master, and remembering the words of our blessed Savior, 'When they bring you before magistrates and councils, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall say.'

The altar to the Unknown God was a singularly interesting exhibition of the spirit of the Athenians, the extent to which they had arrived in their investigations, and the profound darkness by which they were enveloped; and it furnished the Apostle with an admirable introduction to the very subject he desired to lay before them. They well knew the altar to which he referred, and the inscription, so remarkable, which he quoted, and they doubtless listened with unusual curiosity to hear the result of so solemn and authoritative a declaration, as if indeed God's ambassador were speaking, 'WHOM, THEREFORE, YE IGNORANTLY WORSHIP, HIM DECLARE I UNTO YOU.' The lofty annunciation was followed by a strain of definite, majestic, simple truth, in regard to the Supreme Deity, such as they had never heard from the wisest, the most eloquent of their philosophers; such as could not have been found in all the pages of Plato, such as could not have been gathered, indeed, from the concentrated wisdom of all their teachers from the earliest ages, and compared with which their whole speculations were but an abyss of darkness.

'GOD THAT MADE THE WORLD!' The Epicureans and Stoics were here refuted in one word. That ample sentence, in the midst of their philosophic speculations, was like a sun shot into chaos. Where were now their atoms, their contingencies, their floating forms of matter, their elementary principles from eternity? GOD, THAT MADE THE WORLD AND ALL THAT IS THEREIN, LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH! What a sublime announcement! The world, with some of its loveliest scenery of sky and sea, mountain, valley and plain, was before the Apostle like a transparent panorama, and the blue heavens seemed to echo the sentiment, and repeat it like a vast intelligence. For the first time in their lives, the Athenians heard it, and its sublimity can be fully felt only by those who have traced the wanderings of unassisted reason, and the wild chaos of heathen speculation concerning God and the creation. Then, too, the unity of God, in the face of a system that numbered thirty thousand deities in its catalogue!

God, that made the world, and all that is therein, DWELLETH NOT IN TEMPLES MADE WITH HANDS! The grandeur of the sentiment, if possible, increases, and here was another everlasting truth, pealed upon the apprehension of the Athenians as from the bosom of Eternity. To feel the power with which this simple spiritual assertion would come to their minds in this situation, the reader of the chapter ought in truth to stand upon the summit of Mars' Hill, with the splendors of the Acropolis in full sight before him. The superstitious Athenians, as they followed the glance of Paul's eye over those splendors, might almost have looked for some visible sign or audible voice of rebuke from the indwelling deities, at so daring an assertion. *Dwelleth not in temples made with hands! neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything!* And yet there was the Parthenon, and within it, and the temples around it, were enshrined the forms of gods many and lords many; the temples and their inmates being equally the offspring of human depravity, the conception of human genius, and the execution of human art. Temples were

above him, before him, around him,—temples of surpassing beauty, fit for the abode of gods, if aught of human origin could be made so. With what a pregnancy of meaning and power of emphasis, would the words of the Apostle be uttered in such a position! It was like a vivid flash of lightning across the infidel serenity of the atmosphere; a startling truth, revealing the falsehood of their systems, and adapted to rouse their minds from its delusion—its imaginative dream of mingled superstition and poetry. How must they have gazed one at another, and at the temples of the gods, while Paul went on this unheard of strain, declaring the sovereignty, the spiritual perfection, and the universal providence of God, and bringing their own poets to support his reasoning, with a happiness of allusion with which the listening Athenians must have been as much delighted, as they were astonished at the boldness of the sentiments asserted.

'Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.' While Paul spake these words, the colossal statue of Minerva Promachus, overtopping the Parthenon, was looking down in silent majesty, and the finger the Apostle might have pointed the Assembly to its senseless form; and when he referred to the workmanship of gold and silver, every mind must have reverted to the statutes thus composed and adorned, especially to the image in gold and ivory, the workmanship of Phidias, originally enshrined in the apartment regarded as the innermost sanctuary of the goddess. 'Shall we, who are God's intelligent offspring, degrade ourselves so far, as to suppose that these images, the work of human hands, are gods?' Perhaps there never was a discourse uttered, in which the circumstances and scenery around, created a more effective illustration to the mind, or one of more absorbing interest. Standing where Paul stood, on the brow of the same craggy hill, beneath an Acropolis whose temples are still splendid, even in ruins, the Christian receives a sense of the power, sublimity, and divine wisdom of that discourse, such as he never before experienced.

Thus far the apostle experienced no interruption, and the judges of the Areopagus, with all who stood listening, might have continued to hear his reasonings, even upon the folly and guilt of idolatry, with equal wonder at the majesty of his eloquence, and the supernatural wisdom of the truth. But when he passed to Repentance, the Day of Judgment, and the Resurrection from the Dead, the speculative pride of some sectarians being touched, and the consciences of others troubled, they began to express their doubts, and to pray, like Felix, for a more convenient season. 'Some mocked.' Alas, for those, who hear the blessed gospel, only to despise, to wonder, and perish. 'Others said, we will hear thee again of this matter.' Perhaps they did, but certainly a more convenient season would never come, and probably this itself was the last time, for Paul speedily departed from among them. His solitary visit to Athens gilds the gloom of its idolatry like a setting sun, and even now communicates an unwonted interest to the ruins of its ancient splendors. He departed from among them; but the words of Paul were not this day to fall wholly among thorns, and as seed scattered by the wayside, but into some good ground, to be planted, and watered, and nourished, by the care of the Holy Spirit. 'Howbeit, certain men clave unto him, and believed; among which was Dyonisius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.' A blessed, chosen few, gathered from all that multitude, unto everlasting life! They had probably heard him before, and it might have been at the suggestion of Dionysius, that the philosophers invited him to speak upon Mars' Hill.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since that sermon was preached by the Apostle, in the midst of a city '*wholly given to idolatry*.' The reign of Paganism in the worship of 'the immortal gods,' was succeeded ere long by the empire of another, less poetical, and more superstitious, and the sacrifices of the temples gave place, after a brief interval, to the intrusive and idolatrous sacrifices of the mass. The reign of antichrist has been interrupted only in the partial renunciation of its authority by the Greek church; and in the corruptions of Christianity, as well as the dominion of the False Prophet of the East, darkness has continued to cover this delightful country. The followers of the Greek church are not *papists*, but their superstitions seem quite as abject and degraded as any thing to be commonly witnessed in a Roman Catholic country.

A brighter light is breaking; the standard of the Cross has been reared again after all these centuries of heathenism, and the gospel is proclaimed at this day, by an American Missionary, in the simplicity, if not with the success, of its earliest exhibition by Paul in ancient Athens! The Scriptures are freely distributed, and this is a preparation of eminent importance, for the awakening and conversion of the people. The children in the schools under the care of Mr and Mrs Hill are early familiarised with the sacred pages; and if now there were an additional High School, Gymnasium, or College, where the scriptural instructions might be carried on with higher branches, and the minds of the students at a riper age disciplined and fortified against the infidel influence of the University, every thing would promise well. Such was the advantageous position occupied by Dr King's Institution; nor can any one, whose heart is friendly to the regeneration of Greece, think of the relinquishment of that position, for the mere want of funds, without grief, or behold, without painful feelings, the unfinished building where he intended to have carried on his operations. G. B. C.

That was a beautiful picture, which we recently heard painted by an eloquent clergyman, of the revelation of God in childhood. 'Look,' said he, in substance, 'at that revelation, in the first opening form of humanity; at that infant being—that child-angel; all innocency, gladness, loveliness. There it is, quite helpless, and almost unconscious; and yet it filleth the whole dwelling, to the very roof-tree, with music and joy. No toy for childhood like that; no treasure for parental affection—no treasure of wishes, like that. There it lies, in the narrow space of an infant's cradle, and yet it filleth the whole house with its presence. There is resort to it, from time to time, as if it were something enshrined. Childhood, and age, and manly hope, and matronly beauty, bend over it. I could almost fancy,' added the speaker, 'it were in worship at that fair, pure shrine of the all-creating goodness.' We could not but think, as we heard these admirable and touching sentences, and saw the warm tear start to the eyes of a bereaved young mother, sitting near us, of the Roman line, '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens*;' and of that kindred thought of Bulwer: 'Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness, and end in storm.' Who should lament, when 'child-angels' are 'taken from the evil to come,' and translated from their infant cradles to heaven?

'Where, with day-beams round them playing,
They their Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to me!'

The toils, the trials, the pains, of a long life, often find their end only in a larger coffin—that cradle in which our second childhood is rocked to sleep. How much truth is conveyed in that simple stanza, carved by a fond parent upon the humble head-stone of his child's grave:

He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up;
But turned his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.'

Knickerbocker.

Plato's 'almost Prophecy' of Christ.—The following remarkable passage from the De Republica of Plato (L. II.) may not have met every eye. This writer, as will be remembered, died nearly three centuries and a half before the advent of the Messiah. If, as has been supposed by some annotators of the works of this philosopher, as well as by certain early Jewish and Christian writers, he drew his sublimest views of God and nature from the writings of Moses during the period of his residence in Egypt after the death of Socrates, we might fairly conjecture that he made himself acquainted, during that residence, with the Jewish interpretations of the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament. If so, we have the germ of this remarkable passage, so nearly approaching 'the spirit of prophecy,' in the ancient Scriptures. We would not however, too confidently rely upon this view. We are ready fairly to admit that the conjecture may possibly have originated in an over-zealous desire to make the Hebrew Scriptures and traditions the source of all Gentile wisdom. Our philosopher, did, however, it is certain, study Astronomy and other Sciences in Egypt; and it would be inconsistent with the ingenuousness of mind, and the insatiable thirst after truth, for which Plato was so signally distinguished, that he should have passed so considerable a period, as is on all hands admitted, he did spend in that country, without having become intimately acquainted with the Priesthood and their sacred books. If so, upon what principle or by what canon of interpretation, is this strong probability to be reduced to 'a mere conjecture,' and the admirer of the Classics and lover of the Bible, robbed of a most natural and fair exposition of the passage—as to the source from which its almost inspired author derived the germ of it.—But we did not intend to overlay the brief but golden passage by our own remarks. It is as follows:—'This just person,' [the inspired Teacher of whom the philosopher had just been speaking] must be poor and void of all qualifications, but those of virtue: a wicked world would not bear his reproofs and instructions: and therefore within three or four years after he began [should begin] to preach, he should be persecuted, imprisoned, scourged and at last be put to death.'—Compare with Is. 53: 2—8. —*Gambier Obs.*

For the Register and Observer.

'Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.'

It would certainly be very gratifying to receive the applause and 'heartfelt homage' of L. E. P. and the like, but, to speak in Carlylean phrase, there is in woman 'a higher than a love of happiness' and 'heartfelt homage' of man; she can do without these, and 'instead thereof find blessedness,' and the applause of her conscience.

We perfectly agree with L. E. P. in the position that woman should not step out of her path; but her duties, like man's, lie all along her path, and she is the best judge of the one 'that lies nearest,' or the one to be performed first.

It is true, religion has raised woman to the station she now occupies—and has it not raised man as much? A firm religious belief is not more the peculiar property of woman than of man. 'Religion elevates and perfects the character 'of both man and woman,' and *he owes* 'to this all which raises him above his unfortunate' brothers 'of the past.' For is not man's station more exalted as the companion of woman, than as her tyranical master? When he degraded woman did he not degrade himself?

According to L. E. P., woman must disfigure her expressive face by frowns to show her horror of vice, and I suppose she may smile on virtue, but she must be denied the use of 'words' especially the shaping them into an 'argument.' Is reason the noblest gift of God? and are the reasoning powers of woman given to her in vain? *Man* in his own path 'may best prove' *his* 'claims to common sense, by *learning* what 'his duties are and *faithfully performing* them.' If 'deeds' are better, in proving the truth and strength of an argument, than 'words,' I think it would be a *capital idea* for those men, who are disposed to lay an embargo on the mouths of woman, to try that fashion a while.

We are all of one family, and should love each other as brothers and sisters; a fact that we all know, but I fear rarely practice. I would not have woman go out of her appointed sphere, but where is it? Our home is, where those we love are; and even if we 'harangue the public,' if we possess that 'true and undefiled religion that passeth understanding,' the public are only our brothers and sisters, and may we not talk in our own families?

I have always been shocked at the thought of a woman's speaking in public, but I know not but it is a prejudice venerable for its antiquity. I was taught in my childhood to repeat the prayer of Jesus on retiring to rest; but I was also taught to answer these questions, Who made you? God. How many Gods are there? One, the only living and true God. How many persons are there in the Godhead? Three, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, &c. This old habit gave me a respect for the doctrine of the trinity, that was hard to forget, though it seems to me now only a mere contradiction. May not these same 'time honored' shackles of custom be still binding us with respect to woman's speaking in public?

I know not that I have gotten over the old prejudice enough to hear a woman speak in public, but because I have not, it does not follow that she by so doing 'forgets the delicacy of feminine feeling or assumes the tone of authority and command.

Is it not possible for a woman to speak in public and yet have all the feelings proper to woman. It is not the lot of all women to be wives or mothers; it may be the duty of one woman to attend to her family and domestic affairs, and of another to attend to something very different.

Let us have faith in man and woman that they will perform the duties of their station wheresoever it may be; let us each endeavor to move in our appointed sphere, and to consider that 'we not only have something to do for the comfort and advantage of those around us, but also something to do for the improvement and good of society.' If we do this we shall not mark out the path for another or judge them too hastily. We trust the day has gone by when a person will be a martyr for thinking for himself, and we hope the day has also gone by when one will be mobbed for thinking or speaking for himself. S.

For the Register and Observer.

CHRISTIANITY THE REMEDY FOR DUELLING.

In concluding a recent speech in Congress having relation to Duelling, Mr Graves uses the following language:—

'Sir, I was involved in the consequences of this unfortunate affair innocently. I never conceived it possible that such consequences would have devolved on me, when I consented to be the bearer of that ill-fated note, otherwise I should never have taken on myself the task. I am not—and never have been, the advocate of the anti-social and unchristian practice of duelling. I have never up to this day fired a duelling pistol. Nor, until the day I went to the field, did I ever take any weapon in my hand in view of a duel. Public opinion is practically the paramount law of the land; every other law both human and divine, ceases to be observed; yea, withers and perishes in contact with it. It was this paramount law of this land and this house, that forced me under the penalty of dishonor, to subject myself to the code—which impelled me unwillingly into this tragical affair. Upon the heads of this nation and at the doors of this House, rests the blood, with which my unfortunate hands have been stained.'

Such is the apology of Mr Graves for fighting the duel, which resulted in the death of Mr Cilley.

Is this apology, founded in truth? Is it true, that public opinion in our land, sustains the anti-social and unchristian practice of duelling? Is it true, that public opinion forces us, under the penalty of dishonor, unwillingly to engage in such a tragical affair? Is a public opinion like this, the paramount law of our land, in contact with which every other law, both human and divine, ceases to be observed; yea—withers and perishes? So testifies Mr Graves: and so *he* may believe. But, I use the freedom of saying to him and to every other gentleman who sympathizes with him in this opinion; you are unquestionably deceived in this matter—public opinion in these United States does not uphold the anti-social and unchristian practice of duelling; this opinion, fairly and fully expressed would pronounce a sentence of utter reprobation upon this barbarous custom—and you have misrepresented and vilified the land in the eyes of the world, in publishing of it a contrary character.

One word to duellists. Gentlemen—you are ensnared in a woeful bondage, by your cowardly fear of man. Public opinion is the God you profess to worship. You thus surrender yourselves to a contemptible and horrid slavery. I point you to a nobler course—the course of *Christian duty*. Fear not man, he can only kill the body; fear God, who is able to destroy soul as well as body. Be not ashamed to confess Christ, to confess yourself a *Christian before men*. Covet the crown of *true* courage even the praise which comes from God alone.

Talk not of *Custom*—'tis the *Coward's* plea,
Current with fools—but passes not with me;
Rather stand up, assured, with honest pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

N. W.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE. THE LION OF THE WEST.

Rev. Henry Bascom, of Augusta college, Kentucky.

His fame had evidently preceded him; for, a long time previous to the appointed hour of service, the immense church in Greene-street was crowded to the outer steps, with more standing in the aisles, perhaps, than were seated in the pews, and on the temporary benches. When the hymn was concluded, Mr Bascom arose. That 'first appeal, which is to the eye,' was greatly in his favor. His person has a commanding presence, and as well in this particular, as in the firm, compressed mouth, the ample brow, and large, searching black eye, he bears a very striking resemblance to Daniel Webster. The expression of his countenance was thoughtful and impressive:

'——deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air.'

Naming his text, in a voice deep, but slightly husky, he proceeded, somewhat tamely, as it appeared to us, although systematically to lay down his premises, array his arguments, and marshal his proofs. While we were yet in 'a state of dubiety' whether or no his audience were not to be treated to a merely nebulous disquisition, of no particular merit and asking mentally, whether *this* could be the man whom Henry Clay had pronounced the greatest natural orator he had ever heard, when a brilliant thought, wreaked upon eloquent and original expression, enchained our attention; and thenceforward, to the close of the discourse, we wist not that we were occupying a narrow spot in the middle of a crowded aisle—'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in'—with the thermometer at ninety. When once fully engrossed with his subject, (the progress and effects of the Christian faith, and the arguments in favor of its promulgation,) every eye in the congregation was upon the speaker, and each heart beat quicker, as the glowing thoughts dropped from his tongue. His similes are vivid and striking, to a degree; his impressions of nature, and the comparisons which he draws from her external aspects, are not minute and in detail. They are upon a noble scale—'taking in whole continents and seas. Such was the character of that portion of his discourse, wherein he spake of the past ages, to whom the great volume of nature was a sealed book; who saw no God in the works of his hand; who could read the starry rhythm of the heavens, survey the towering mountains, the rivers sweeping to the main; who could hear the roar of the great ocean, and the far-sounding cataract, and see in all these no evidences of the Power who spake, and they existed. He was scarcely less effective, in describing the origin and spread of the Christian faith. The good seed had been sown, and for eighteen hundred years it had in one way or another, been producing fruit. The germ expanded, and the tree had arisen and spread, until the nations of the world sat under its branches. Efforts had often been made to root it out, and to destroy it. The lightnings of persecution had scathed it—the axe of the wicked had sought to lop his boughs—the wild boar of the forest had whetted its tusk against its time-worn trunk—yet still, in living green, it spread its inviting arm abroad, every where overshadowing evil with good. Kingdom after kingdom had arisen, flourished, and fallen. The wrecks of dead empires—the long labors of emperors and kings, of principalities and powers—had passed away on that deluged flood of earthly grandeur, ever rolling onward to the ocean of eternity; yet still afar widened the blessings of Christianity. Like the beams of the sun, each ray had radiated in separate streams of light; but they were soon swallowed up in one glad effulgence, blessing all upon whom it fell, even as the common light of heaven. These remembrances can afford the reader little save a faint idea of the general character of one or two of his positions and illustrations. The nervous style, the appropriate gesture, the beaming eye, may be imagined, but must be seen to be realized. The very hesitation, which our orator occasionally manifests in making a selection from thoughts which are pressing for utterance, is in itself an essential feature of eloquence; for when the key-word unlocks the treasure, the intellectual flood rolls on with a resistless force, the greater from having been pent up and kept back; while the speaker's language illustrates and adorns his thoughts, 'as light streaming through colored glass, heightens the object it falls upon.' Such are our impressions of the pulpit efforts of Mr Bascom; and we believe them to be faithful counterparts of those entertained by all who heard the discourse to which we have alluded. On a subsequent occasion, at the Broadway Tabernacle, he was less successful—and no marvel. He was placed before an immense auditory, as a clerical 'lion of the west,' of whom wonders were anticipated, and he was to roar by contract, at so much a head, from his hearers. This was 'doing evil that good might come,' besides being in very bad taste; and the result so far as the speaker was concerned, was a perfectly natural one.—*Knickerbocker.*

For the Register and Observer.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

The correspondent L. E. P. on the sphere of woman thinks it 'a great and fatal mistake when woman departs from the sphere of duty so clearly assigned her by the God of nature, when forgetting the delicacy of feminine feeling she harangues in public, and assumes the tone of authority and command.' We would ask if the mistake be not equally great and fatal when *man* forgetting the delicacy and dignity of *human* feeling assumes the tone of authority and command. The only difference seems to us to be this; we have been accustomed to this tone so long from the lips of *man* that we are less disgusted by it. The writer speaks feelingly and eloquently about the 'appropriate sphere' in which woman may move. She may 'turn all the enthusiasm of her feelings, all the powers of her mind, all the affection of her heart' toward religion; and what, in the name of God and humanity, is religion? and how may a woman thus devote herself without breaking one of those silken cords which bind her in her 'Appropriate Sphere?' If, as the Apostle says, pure religion be to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ones self unspotted from the world, we ask how are ignorance and misery and suffering, away from a woman's own home to be instructed and relieved, unless she quits her home? and how can she do this without departing from her sphere of duty? and how in the name of *common sense*, which the writer so strongly recommends, is she to keep herself unspotted from the world, if the world be to her a sealed book? A *dweller in Eden* is one thing, and a *child of the kingdom of Heaven* another, and a very different thing. It may serve the purposes of man's selfishness better for woman to be the first, but if the commands of the Savior are to be obeyed, it becomes needful for her to 'call no man master,' but work out her own salvation, *in her own way*.

The writer refers to woman as a 'sovereign leading armies to victory.' We have yet to learn that this is the appropriate sphere of *man*. We have not yet acquired the power to understand the sublime right of man to tread his brother in the dust. We cannot yet comprehend the liberty which *man* possesses of becoming a wealth-seeker, a bigot, an ambitious statesman, or an intriguing politician. Is society forever to remain as it is now? Has it reached the acme of moral perfection? Has the law of Christianity, that every soul is in itself a perfect whole, bound to the great system of souls by the eternal attractive principle of Love, accomplished its mission for mankind? If so, then we grant that silence, deep and unbroken, is the duty of woman. She must shut her ears and her heart, for the wail of woe she might not relieve would deafen the one, and the agony of affliction never to be soothed would break the other. But, no. The great Idol-Temple of Society must fall. And strange indeed it were, if the frail Goddess there enshrined as Woman, should be found sitting amid the ruins untouched, not one fold of her tinseled drapery disturbed.

Christianity has more to do for the world and for woman than it has yet accomplished: and if Christ be the Great model of a Human Being, we turn to his life and confidently ask, if there be one word, one act of his whole mission, unsuited to the true delicacy and dignity of

A Woman?

For the Register and Observer.

In your last paper, I noticed some just remarks on an article in the 'Recorder,' accusing the Society for propagating the Gospel of *perverting* its funds. The *spirit* of the remarks was also highly commendable. If a *rebuke* was administered, it was in all gentleness and moderation. But a word may be added, in further illustration of the justness of the remark, that the Society was never designed to be *sectarian*. There is no creed imposed on the members, and the design of the Society is, the propagation of the gospel. And to insist, as some have and still do, that a missionary must preach Calvinism, Trinitarianism, or the Westminster catechism and confession of faith, would be to teach the doctrines of men instead of the word of God.

This sectarian and exclusive spirit did not appear in the Society, till fifteen years after its formation. And then it undertook to dictate, though it was confined to the minority. But it is not uncommon for a minority to obtain great influence by certain management.

It will be necessary only to give the names of several of the original and early members, to show that the Society was not at first, nor for many years, at all sectarian or exclusive. There were Gov. Bowdoin, Chief Justice Dana, Judge Sullivan, Hon. Richard Cranch, Gov. Sumner, Hon. Samuel Dexter, Samuel Eliot, Esq., Thomas Russell, Esq., General Lincoln, Judge Davis, Rev. Drs. Willard, Wigglesworth, Lathrop, Howard, Porter, Eliot, Clark, Belknap, Barnard, (of Salem) Hon. John Lowell, Judge Davis, &c.

The first and early missionaries of the Society were also liberal in their views, and not at all exclusive or sectarian. They were Rev. Mr Little, Rev. Abiel Abbot, Mr Piper of New Hampshire, Mr Thaxter of Martha's Vineyard, Dr Foster of Brighton, Dr Allyne of Duxbury, &c. It is true, that at a later period, efforts were made, and for some time successful, to appoint no missionaries but *Calvinists*. The majority of the Society, however, were opposed to this exclusive spirit; and after long endurance of that course, concluded to employ only preachers of more elevated views, who they believed would make the Gospel their guide and oracle, and inculcate repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, as Peter and Paul did in their addresses to Jews and Gentiles, as recorded in the book of Acts. If this is a *perversion* of the original designs, or of the funds, of the Society, the present members must submit to the charge. But there are many who think it a far greater *perversion* to preach Calvinism, and the Athanasian Creed, in any form. An Early Member.

For the Register and Observer.

THE APPRENTICE'S JOURNEY.

A father sent his son, who was a painter, into a distant country, that he might travel for the sake of his art, to gather knowledge in the old German way. When the day of his departure approached, the father led the youth into the garden, and told him all the cities and countries he must pass through.

Then the mother who had gone out with them exclaimed, as she heard it: 'Ah who will guide and protect him in such wide wandering, so that he shall never get into evil, and misfortune fall upon him.'

But the father answered and said: 'Trouble yourself not about this: God and his own heart will guide him well.'

Hereupon he led his son with the mother to a Bee-house and said: 'See the simple form and manner of this little people. Its calling is to collect the juice and the dust from the flowers and to make them into honey and wax. That is its simple task. And God shows this little creature the way, so that he never wanders. He gives him his fill of flowers.' Then the father turned to his wife and said. 'Is not our son, more than many bees? And bears he not a guide in his heart, which the Bees know not?' And the mother was comforted.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 30, 1838.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

Our fair correspondents seem disposed to discuss this subject through the columns of the Register. It would ill become us to interrupt their friendly conference, by thrusting forward any remarks of our own. We have, moreover, entire confidence in the good sense of 'sister woman,' and in the ability and general disposition of the gentler sex both to determine what is the sphere of their duty and to move gracefully and faithfully therein.

We have never felt disposed, either through the pulpit or the press, to attempt any thing like a definition of the duties of woman. We have never felt either the necessity or the right of describing the circle beyond which they, who equally with ourselves, were created in the moral image of God, ought not and must not wander. We feel that a higher wisdom has marked out for woman her orbit of glory and of beauty, and has painted upon her heart an image of the path in which God would have her to walk, which ever has been and will be, with few exceptions, more attractive and pleasant to her fancy than any unnatural and forbidden way. We entertain no fears of any general incursion of fair damsels errant into the provinces that belong exclusively to man. But the noblest provinces of human duty belong not exclusively to man. There is no moral enterprize, no holy work, to which woman also is not invited, by all that God has spoken, and all that her genius prompts; in the prosecution of which she may not stand by his side, keep even pace with, and, sometimes, it may be, outrun her brother; and always shed light and love upon his career. Never, therefore, would we say a word, or look a look to repress the holy and generous zeal of our mothers and sisters who may be earnest to do their part towards elevating and renewing the human race. On the contrary, we love to think that the rising family of man is to be carried towards the Heavenly Jerusalem in the fostering embrace of the mothers, and by the ready guidance of the sisters, at least as much as by the strong right arms and noble enterprize of the fathers and the sons.

But some there are, of that sex which nature has taught us to love, who are rude, and forward, imprudent, and indelicate in their pretended zeal for humanity and God; of such, far be it from us to speak except even weeping.

DIVISION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHRCH.

The following sensible remarks on this subject are from the N. Y. Observer.

We hear from all parties, and read in papers of all kinds, that the division of the Presbyterian church is now accomplished; and men are congratulating themselves that now the contest is over, and we shall have peace. Now, either they or we are under a very great mistake. To us, it seems that the Presbyterian church is *not* divided. The Commissioners to the General Assembly of this year divided themselves into two bodies, each claiming to be the General Assembly; and that is all. The division of the church, which those Commissioners were appointed to represent, if ever accomplished, as it appears probable it will be, is yet to take place. That is to be the work of the present year. If all concerned can wait peaceably and let one or two good law-suits decide the question, and if then all can submit quietly to the decision, there may be peace. But there are many who cannot adopt this course, consistently with their views of duty. The work of dividing the church, therefore, must go on, and the most painful and pernicious dissensions, instead of being ended, are just ready to begin. When the question begins to come up, all over the land, which party in each congregation shall hold the house of worship and other property pertaining to the church; and when feeble congregations, just able to support their pastors, have to be divided into twice as many congregations still more feeble, and therefore unable to support pastors; then men will begin to understand the matter.

We do not make these remarks for the purpose of blaming any of those who have brought about this state of things, though both parties will agree that *somebody* is very much to blame for it. Our object is to forewarn Christians of the trials that are coming upon them; trials of their humility, their patience, their forbearance, their gentleness, their charity. In these, we fear that many of them will fail. We have no fear that they will not contend zealously enough for the party to which they belong. The evil of their own hearts and the God of this world are security for that. We have no fear that they will be deficient in 'evil-surmisings,' or negligent in doing the work of the 'accuser of the brethren.' We see no reason for such fears. But we do fear that they may be ignorant 'what spirit they are of;' that they will be more anxious to convert Christians to their party, than sinners to Christ; that they will live according to the Jewish interpetation of the moral law—'Thou shalt love thy neighbor, [of the same party,] and hate thine enemy.'

NEW ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

It will be remembered that at a meeting of the Alumni of the Theological School in Cambridge, held in the University Chapel on the 19th of July last, a Committee was appointed to report on the expediency of forming an association of all those who have received their theological education at Cambridge, before or since the organization of the school, and also on the time and manner of conducting an annual public meeting, provided the formation of such an association should be thought expedient.

We have received the Report of this Committee, for publication in the Register, and regret that it came to hand too late for insertion this week.

The Committee are in favor of forming the proposed association.

We shall publish the Report in our next. In the mean time we copy the Resolutions appended to it, in order that the Brethren at a distance may have time to consider them before the day of meeting, on occasion of the Annual Exhibition of the Theological School, in July next.

The Committee consist of the following Gentlemen: Revs. C. Palfrey, J. D. Greene, Charles Briggs, Wm. Ware, S. J. May.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, 1st. That an association of all who have received their theological education in Cambridge, either before or since the organization of the School, be formed, and called, 'The Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School.'

2d. That said Association hold its first annual celebration on the afternoon of the Exhibition of the Theological School in 1839.

3d. That a moderator and Secretary be chosen to officiate at the next meeting; and that a Committee of three be appointed to invite an orator to deliver a discourse on that occasion, and to make all other necessary provision for the celebration.

4th. That a Committee be appointed to report a constitution for this Association at its next meeting.

JUDGE WHITE'S EULOGY ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH L. L. D. F. R. S.

We have read with great satisfaction this very interesting and able production; in which with great skill and discrimination, as well as with the partiality of friendship, are portrayed the distinguishing gifts and virtues of one of the most eminent men of his times. We are particularly impressed with the correct taste and good judgment pervading the whole performance; and with the high tone of moral and religious sentiment which it breathes. The writer has happily resisted the temptation to exaggeration and overstatement, so frequent and so fatal to confidence in the eulogiums even of the most distinguished men. We are certain, that those of our readers who have not already perused the Eulogy will read with pleasure the following extracts.

HIS MOTHER AND THE FAMILY BIBLE.

He quitted this school at the age of ten years and two months, having, doubtless, been far more indebted, while there, to his own exertions, than to his master's instructions. Fortunately, like many other illustrious men, he was blessed with an excellent mother, who inspired into his tender mind the best principles, and gave a right direction to his thoughts and feelings. She is represented as having possessed a fine understanding, with a true sense of religion, which she acted out in her life; and a proper spirit of government, which enabled her to control and manage her children in such a manner, as to attach them strongly to herself, and unite them in love to one another. She used to speak of Nathaniel, as needing his full proportion of her attention, observing, that he was different from all the rest, that he would be something decisive, one way or another, for there was nothing indifferent about him. Happy was it for him, that he had a mother of such discernment and vigilant affection, to watch over his wayward moments, to restrain his ardent and impetuous temperament, and to mould his young character into its right form. It is said that his early devotion to books was so great, that his mother would sometimes interpose and take them from him, to relieve his

mind from its self-imposed tasks. This best of all friends he soon lost after quitting the school just mentioned, and was thus left almost entirely to his own resources. He always reverenced her memory, and he delighted to trace to her lessons of wisdom and piety some of his early impressions, which had exerted an important influence upon his life and character. He had many interesting recollections o this nature, one of which may be repeated here, as an instance of the value of incidental instruction, the lasting effect of a word of wisdom, spoken in season and in love. When a mere child, he had gathered around him several of his little brothers and sisters, and was acting the part of a chaplain, with the book of common Prayer before him, when his mother, who was a strict Episcopalian, came to them, and gave him such an affecting lesson upon the duty of associating reverence to God with all religious exercises, that he never forgot it, or ceased to feel its influence. A similar effect he used to attribute to the remark of a sensible Quaker lady, who once told him that the symbols and external forms of religion were of no value, only so far as they indicated a right spirit within, and served to carry it into the life; for in this all true religion consisted. Both these lessons were adapted to make a deep impression upon his susceptible and ardent mind. They are certainly both characteristic of his religious conduct through life. He used to speak of his father, as a man of strong natural sense, and as uncommonly versed in the scriptures; and his example may have conspired with the teachings of his mother in leading him to acquire that familiar acquaintance with the writings of the Old and New Testament, for which he himself was remarkable. At a very tender age, he was fascinated with an old family bible, containing a curious map of the wanderings of the Israelites through the wilderness, which he was never weary of tracing out. This led him to read, with a livelier attention, the history connected with the subject; and having once associated feelings of delight with the perusal of this venerable book, it would naturally become, in the absence of other books, his chosen companion, at all hours. This is but one among a thousand instances of the precious influence of early associations with the great family bible. It was, indeed, a privilege, instead of a privation, that in his childhood he had no book to read but the bible. The bible contained in itself the best of all libraries for him, at that period. Here, he found the most touching and beautiful narratives, the sublimest poetry and eloquence, the most interesting sketches of history and biography, the best maxims of wisdom, with the purest precepts of religion and morality.

STUDIOUS HABITS.

The abundance of time, which his long India voyages afforded, and which is so generally felt to be tedious, never lay heavy on his hands. Every moment seems to have been as precious to him as ever. The same methodical habits, for the best improvement of his time, were strictly observed. What these habits were, I am enabled to state from one of his most intelligent companions, during several of these voyages, who sailed with him, both in the capacity of a common sailor, and of a subordinate officer. 'His practice was, to rise at a very early hour in the morning, and pursue his studies till breakfast; immediately after which, he took a rapid walk for half an hour, and then went below to his studies till half past eleven o'clock, when he returned and walked till twelve o'clock, the hour at which he commenced his meridian observations. Then came dinner, after which he was engaged in his studies till five o'clock; then he walked till tea time, and, after tea, was at his studies till nine o'clock in the evening. From this hour till half past ten o'clock, he appeared to have banished all thoughts of study, and, while walking, he would converse in the most lively manner, giving us useful information, intermixed with amusing anecdotes and hearty laughs, making the time delightful to the officers, who walked with him, and who had to quicken their pace to accompany him. Whenever the heavenly bodies were in distance to get the longitude, night or day, he was sure to make his observations once, and frequently twice, in every twenty four hours, always preferring to make them by the moon and stars, on account of his eyes. He was often seen on deck at other times, walking rapidly, and apparently in deep thought, when it was well understood, by all on board, that he was not to be disturbed, as we supposed he was solving some difficult problem, and when he darted below, the conclusion was, that he had got the idea; if he were in the fore part of the ship, when the idea came to him, he would actually run to the cabin, and his countenance would give the expression, that he had found a prize.' These are the very words of my nautical friend, who, probably, had no thought of the great mathematician of antiquity in his mind, yet he gives an almost exact description of Archimedes, when the long sought idea came to him, and he ran out, exclaiming *Eureka*! *Eureka*!

This Eulogy, like the life of its lamented subject is fruitful of instruction, especially to young men. It marks the steps, by which young Bowditch ascended; the moral graces attainable by all, not less than the superior gifts bestowed on few, to which are to be ascribed his pre-eminent success. Patient application, systematic industry, most careful employment of time, habitual self control, inflexible integrity, and hearty benevolence were his distinguishing virtues.

In the following paragraph may be found some very important suggestions, worthy the deep consideration of every young man, entering upon the busy scene of life, and desirous of making the best preparation for usefulness and happiness.

But how, it will naturally be asked, could any young man, situated as Mr Bowditch was, find time for the successful prosecution of such profound mathematical and philosophical studies and labors? He passed his days in a merchant's store, ordinarily engaged in business from morning till night, and exposed to all the temptations and diversions, which usually beset young men in a populous place. How then could he find time for accomplishing such incredible undertakings? The answer ought to be given distinctly and fully, for it presents his example in a most prominent view, for the admiration and instruction of all young men, who are capable of catching a particle of his spirit. To all appearance, certainly, he had no time for such undertakings. Most other persons, in his situation, would have had none. Many would not have found time for half the business which he performed, and some would have found no time for any thing useful. It depends very much upon our own determination and resolution, how far time shall be truly time to us, or mere duration. Mr Bowditch was determined to make it, if possible, more than time to him. He had the sagacity and industry to create time for himself, and to redouble its value, by his manner of using it. He rescued the bright morning hours from the grasp of sleep and indolence, and devoted them to those abstruse researches, which required uninterrupted leisure, and the renewed vigor of his faculties. He guarded the calm hours of evening from the intrusions of frivolity, and secured them for his own noble purposes. He gathered up the broken fragments of time, which every day scattered around him, and made them more productive of knowledge to his mind, than the entire day was to others. Public holidays, even, were given to study, or rather, such days were no holidays to him, without study. Not a moment of his time was wasted upon selfish indulgences, or artificial excitements of any kind. Narcotic fumes never mingled with the atmosphere, which he chose to breathe. Idle companions, and lounging resorts, had no allurements for him. As for dissipation and vice, they fled from his presence. His perfect simplicity and temperance, in all things, demanded no sacrifice of time for his personal wants or gratifications. His habits of life were formed with a view to the economy of time, as well as the promotion of health, and intellectual vigor. Avoiding fashionable and general society, he enjoyed that free intercourse of friends and relatives, which is the appropriate sphere of our social duties, and which refreshed his spirits, while it gratified his affections. The discharge of his social duties, intermingled with exercise, was always to him a source of enlivening and delightful recreation. The precious hours, which he thus gained, were multiplied by his intense application and diligence. Whatever engaged his attention, to that he gave his whole soul, and with an ardor and steadfastness which overcame all difficulties, or turned them into advantages.

Such was the manner, and such were the means, by which young Bowditch was enabled to find time for the prodigious labors of his mind and his pen, and for the wonderful acquisitions, which he made in science and learning. Such was the magic, by which he converted his ship-chandlery store into a college, and gave himself an education, worthy of the honorable diploma, which, a few years after, was conferred upon him by our most distinguished University; an act of discriminating justice, which afforded him, at the time, as much delight as surprise, and which now reflects still greater honor upon the University.

SAMUEL B. PARKMAN, ESQ.
OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

We copy from the Daily Advertiser the following extracts from a letter relating to the sudden and melancholy fate of this gentleman, together with that of the greater part of his young family, in the wreck of the Pulaski; and feeling, as we do, a deep interest in the exposure of the causes of this wide-spread and desolating calamity, we earnestly hope that the subject will awaken the anxious and unprejudiced attention of the whole community. There is not an individual however humble, there is not an individual, who has a relation or friend, with whom it is even a possibility that he may ever be a traveller, but has a personal interest in the subject. It is high time, that the community should awake to the exposure and the punishment of that deplorable negligence, recklessness, and presumption, by which, as in this awful example of the Pulaski, so many precious lives have been lost, so many dwellings been made desolate, and so many hearts rent with anguish.

'Supposing it may be some satisfaction to the friends of our lost friend Mr Parkman to be apprised certainly of his fate, I take the liberty of stating to you what I have learnt from one of the survivors of the wreck of the unfortunate Pulaski, and which I do not see stated in the papers.

'Mr Parkman's body was picked up by the schooner that arrived at Wilmington with thirty survivors. But it was in such a state of decay that they were obliged to commit it again to the deep, after taking from his pockets what few articles and money he had about him. It is not at all probable that any of his family has survived.

'You will please communicate this distressing intelligence to his family connexions.

Your's, &c. —— ——.'

We understand that Mr Parkman was a native of Milford, son of a Physician in that place, and grandson of the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman of Westborough. Mr Parkman's early youth was spent in Westborough and in this city, in preparation for a mercantile life. Shortly after commencing business he removed to the South, and was soon established in Savannah, Geo. of which place he has been for many years an useful and honored citizen. His simplicity of character, approaching to child-like, his unimpeachable integrity, and the kindness of his affections obtained for him the general confidence. His industry was rewarded by prosperity, which he wisely, modestly and charitably employed,—for riches 'never corrupted his understanding,' or changed in the least the simplicity of his soul.

Mr Parkman married a lady of Georgia of great respectability and worth, who died of consumption, in September last, leaving to him the charge of seven children; the four eldest of whom were with their father, on his accustomed visit to their friends in New England, intending afterwards a voyage to Europe. But now, in the freshness of their youthful hopes, and in the full vigor of their health, they have gone down with their father to an untimely grave.

But, to use the language of the writer of the article in the Advertiser, 'Mr Parkman was only one of the many victims of that awful calamity, which has involved so many precious lives, and which is destined to pierce with unutterable anguish so many fond but desolated hearts. We have said, that this heart rending catastrophe was not by the appointment of God. We tremble when we think how much reason there is to ascribe it to the presumption and carelessness of man. We can scarcely trust ourselves with the expression of the horror and indignation we have felt at what has been reported of the causes of this disaster, by which not a single citizen alone, and his promising family, but the very flower and pride of two of our cities, and numerous other individuals of whom we have heard, with not a few of them known and esteemed among us,—have been overwhelmed in an untimely ruin.'

We have received the Christian Examiner and General Review, for July, 1838.

Contents.—Wayland's Limitations of Responsibility; Grund's Americans; Berkeley and his Philosophy; Carlyle's French Revolution; Geological Surveys; Miss Martineau's Western Travel; Notices of Intelligence; Index.

N. B. The communication from our venerable friend in Concord, Mass. has been received, and shall have a place in our next.

The Knickerbocker for June is a very entertaining and valuable number. This magazine is occupying the very highest rank amongst American periodicals.

Rev James Thurston was ordained on Wednesday last at Windsor Vt.

Episcopal Convention.—This body assembled, according to appointment, in Trinity Church, Boston, on Tuesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. We believe every clergyman in this diocese was punctually at his post. There was also a very full lay delegation. The Convention sermon was preached by the Rev. Edward Ballard, of Pittsfield, from the words—*Looking unto Jesus.*

On Wednesday, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese delivered an address on the subject of choosing an Assistant Bishop, most earnestly and affectionately urging the measure upon the Convention. The subject was accordingly taken up, and discussed in a fraternal and amicable spirit. It was found that there were nearly as many opinions entertained as there were individuals assembled. A large majority of the body, however, were anxious to secure the services of an assistant to our venerable Diocesan, but many of them were embarrassed with very serious canonical and constitutional difficulties connected with an election by Massachusetts.

To escape these difficulties, several expedients were proposed, one of which was, to petition the General Convention to pass a canon, expressly providing for an election by Massachusetts, as now forming a part of the Eastern Diocese. Another expedient was, for Massachusetts to withdraw from the compact, called the Eastern Diocese, which certainly appeared to us to promise the most effectual relief from all embarrassments. The Convention, however, judged it best to proceed to an election, which was done, we are happy to say, in much harmony and with a most gratifying degree of unanimity as to the result. The vote was taken by orders. The clergy gave for the Rev. Alonzo Potter, E. D., of the Diocese of New York, 20; blank, 4; scattering, 1. The lay vote was unanimous for Dr. Potter.

Thus this most perplexing question, which has shaken the Diocese to its centre is put to rest.—*Christian Witness.*

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Monday, June 18th, Mr Talmadge asked leave to bring in a bill to abolish imprisonment for debt in certain cases. The bill provides that no person shall be imprisoned for debt in any state, on process issuing out of a court of the United States, where, by the law of such State, imprisonment for debt has been abolished. Leave was granted to bring in the bill and it was read twice and referred.

The Senate then took up Mr Williams' motion for leave to introduce a bill to provide for the survey of the north eastern boundary line of the United States in conformity to the treaty of 1783. After a short discussion, the subject was laid on the table.

In the House, the presentation of petitions was the order of the day.

In the afternoon session the Post Route bill was debated in Committee of the whole; and about half past eight the bill was reported, and the house adjourned.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, Mr Grundy, from the Judiciary committee, reported the bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, with an amendment. After some discussion, the bill was laid on the table until tomorrow.

In the House, the subject of the admission of Texas was resumed, and Mr Adams continued his speech until the expiration of the morning hour, in support of his motion, when, without finishing his remarks, he yielded the floor.

On motion of Mr Cambreleng the House went into committee of the whole—yeas 132—and took up the Sub-Treasury bill. The bill being read through, Mr Cambreleng gave way to Mr Thompson, at his request, who moved a substitute.

Mr Garland, in order to test the sense of the House on the merits of the bill, moved to strike out the enacting clause.

Mr Cambreleng proceeded to address the committee in support of the bill. He was followed by Mr Pickens, who spoke in favor of the bill, and at the hour of recess, gave way for a motion to adjourn.

At the evening session, Mr Pickens concluded his speech, after which the committee rose, and the consideration of the Post Route bill was resumed.

In the Senate on Wednesday, June 20th, the bill offered on Monday by Mr Talmadge, relating to imprisonment for debt, was taken up, read a third time, and passed.

After some reports and resolutions were presented, the bill authorizing a Joint Commission to explore and run the north eastern boundary of the United States, was taken up. After discussion, the bill was unanimously referred to the committee on Foreign Relations—and the Senate went into an Executive session.

In the House, Mr Adams resumed his speech on the subject of the annexation of Texas. When the morning hour had expired, he had not closed his remarks, which will be continued tomorrow.

Mr Cambreleng moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the Sub-Treasury Bill.

The question pending, was the motion of Mr Garland of Va. to strike out the first section of the Bill. The discussion continued through the remainder of the sitting.

The Senate on Thursday was principally occupied in a discussion arising from the presentation by Mr Niles of the resolutions of the Legislature of Connecticut, against the Sub Treasury Bill.

In the House, Mr Adams continued his speech on the Texas question to the expiration of the morning hour. The orders of the day were then called, and several bills from the Senate were taken up, and disposed of.

The Sub-Treasury Bill was then resumed in Committee of the Whole, and occupied the remainder of the day.

The Senate, on Friday, after some unimportant business, proceeded to the consideration of private bills, and a large number were ordered to a third reading. The Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House of Representatives, Mr Adams continued his remarks on the Texas question until the expiration of the morning hour, without finishing.

The consideration of the Sub-Treasury bill was resumed, and occupied most of the day.

The bill to provide for the better security of the lives of passengers in steam vessels was taken up, and several amendments were considered and adopted. Before any final action on the bill, the House adjourned.

The question of the annexation of Texas was resumed, and Mr Adams continued his remarks.

The 9th of July was, on motion, fixed on as the day of adjournment.

The House, in committee, resumed the consideration of the Sub-Treasury Bill, which was debated at considerable length.

INTELLIGENCE.

Loss of the Steam Packet Pulaski.—On Thursday, the 14th instant, the steamer Pulaski, Capt. Dubois, left Charleston for Baltimore with about 150 passengers, of whom about 50 were ladies.

At about 11 o'clock on the same night, while off the North Carolina Coast, say 30 miles from land, weather moderate and night dark, the starboard boiler exploded with such force as to make a complete wreck of the boat.

Mr Hibbert the first mate, states that about 10 o'clock at night he was called to the command of the boat, and that he was pacing the promenade deck in front of the steering house; that he found himself, shortly after, upon the main deck, lying between the mast and side of the boat; that upon the return of consciousness, he had a confused idea of having heard an explosion, something like that of gunpowder, immediately before he discovered himself in his then situation. He was induced, therefore, to rise and walk aft, when he discovered that the boat midships was blown entirely to pieces; that the head of the starboard boiler was blown out and the top torn open; that the timbers and plank on the starboard side were forced asunder, and that the boat took in water whenever she rolled in that direction.

He became immediately aware of the horrors of their situation, and the danger of letting the passengers know that the boat was sinking, before lowering the small boats. He proceeded, therefore, to do this. Upon dropping the boat he was asked his object, and he replied that it was to pass round the steamer to ascertain her condition. Before doing this, however, he took in a couple of men. He ordered the other boats to be lowered, and two were shortly put into the water, but they leaked so much in consequence of their long exposure to the sun, that one of them sunk, after a fruitless attempt to bail her. Twenty two persons were received into the two boats which remained afloat. The Pulaski broke intos everal pieces with a dreadful crash, in about 45 minutes after the explosion.

Both boats now insisted upon Mr Hibberd's directing their course to the shore, but he resisted their remonstrances, replying that he would not abandon the spot until daylight. At about three o'clock in the morning they started, in the midst of the wailings of the hopeless beings who were floating round in every direction upon pieces of the wreck, to seek land, which was about thirty miles distant. After pulling about thirteen hours, the persons in both boats became tired and insisted that Mr Hibberd should land.

Of the eleven persons in the mate's boat, two passengers, one of the crew, and the two negro women, were drowned, and six gained the shore. Mr Cooper and his companions landed in about three hours after the first boat, in safety.

The number saved in these two boats, was seventeen. It since appears that thirty others were taken from the floating fragments of the wreck, by a passing schooner, and carried into Wilmington, N. C.; and thirteen more reached the shore on a piece of the wreck. The hope seems to be not unreasonable that others still may have been picked up, by passing vessels, as several fragments of the wreck, with many persons on them, were separated from those who have been rescued.

The Wilmington, N. C. Advertiser makes the following statements in regard to the *cause* of this terrible event.

We think it highly important to state in the first place, that gentlemen of unquestionable character and judgment concur in saying the fatal explosion was caused by gross negligence on the part of those who had the direction of the machinery. Solomon, a black waiter on board, who had been once a fireman, states—that a little after 11 o'clock, as he turned from the fireroom, he heard the 2d Engineer, who was on duty, turn the water-cock, and from the shrill whistle which ensued, he knew that the water had gotten too low, and that there was imminent danger. Mr Couper, Mr Lovejoy and others gave it as their opinion, that the blow-cock had been negligently left open—that the boilers had been emptied—which alarmed the Engineer and caused him in his fright, to fill them suddenly with fresh water. The boiler being heated to redness, this body of water was instantly converted into steam, with an expansive force which the sides of the boilers were too feeble to resist. It is further *positively* stated that during the whole passage, to within *twenty minutes* of the catastrophe, the steam guage-cock indicated from 27 to 29 inches of steam.

In an article suggested by the loss of the Pulaski, the New York American says,

In the safety of steam ships we have as much confidence as in that of the best packet ships; but they must be steam ships properly constructed—large, strong, sufficient both by their form and strength of materials to withstand the dangers of the seas, and carrying a *very little head of steam.* Take, for example, the Great Western. We do not doubt that a better and more convenient arrangement of her interior might easily be made; but take her hull, and there you have a staunch, sea-worthy vessel, as likely to survive on the ocean as another; then the pressure of her steam power is at the rate of about 4 lbs to the square inch, while that of our frail sea steamboats is, probably, from 25 to 30 lbs.

Suppose a rent made in a boiler, under a pressure of 4 lbs—the steam and water escape through the fissure, and any one immediately near it might be scalded; but there could be no explosion—no tearing away and destroying the frame of the vessel. But under a pressure six or seven times as great, the work of destruction is vast and irresistible. And what is there to compensate the terrible risk? Simply the saving of a few hours time, which when saved, we are often at a loss to employ.'

Lowell.—We learn from the Lowell Courier that the city government of that place have under consideration a project for the supply of the inhabitants with water, by works at the Pawtucket Falls for pumping the water from the Merrimack river, to a reservoir on the highlands West of the North School House, on School st. From these heights it could be supplied by pipes to every part of the city.

The Cherokees.—The Athens Courier of the 9th inst. states, on the authority of Major Bennett, Paymaster of the Army, just from Fort Cass, that General Scott had official information of 4200 Cherokees being collected, and there was reason to believe that by that time 6000 were quietly collected, and that not more than 500 remained uncollected in Georgia. In Tennessee they were coming in voluntarily, and the collection was to commence in North Carolina and Alabama on the 12th. They appeared to be 'as perfectly reconciled as the state of the case would admit.'

We learn from the Georgetown (D. C.) Advocate that at least two hundred thousand bushels of Corn have been shipped from that place since the opening of the navigation this season. The Advocate states that there has never been so great a display of vessels there, as during the last six weeks. Within a few days past 10 or 12 large vessels sailed for eastern and southern ports, laden with Corn, Flour, &c. These are some of the fruits of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. We hope that another year will not be permitted to elapse before the Extension Canal from the Potomac to Baltimore will be in the course of vigorous prosecution. The State of Maryland, which has so liberally devoted her means to the construction of the main work to Cumberland, should never deem that work complete until she causes it to be extended to her commercial emporium, from which, after all, her pecuniary resources are mainly derived.—*Balt. Amer.*

Famous Wines.—The late sale by M. Thomas & Son, of Wines belonging to the late Mr T. Butler, was very numerously attended, and the prices paid were enormous. Among other transactions, were the following. Fifteen demijohns sold at $155 each; one at $150; seven at $137; five at $117 50; ten at $110; seventeen at $105; thirteen at $102 50; four at $101, and various other wines at lesser sums. One hundred and seventy demijohns were sold,—the whole amount of which is upward of fifteen thousand dollars. We have made a hurried estimate of the value of some of these wines,—and find that the price, as paid at auction, is at least half a dollar per wine glass of the usual size,—something as it were, like molten silver, and affording a plausible image of the *aurum potabile.*—*Phil. Gazette.*

Resistance to the law in Mississippi.—It appears, says the Louisville Journal, that the citizens of some of the Mississippi counties, in which suits are most numerous, are determined to defeat the law at all hazards. In Lauderdale county, on the night preceding the time for the opening of the Spring term of the Circuit, the Court House was *burned down.* The Judge, unwilling to be thus baffled, determined to hold the court in some other building, but the Sheriff resigned. The duties then devolved on the Coroner, but he too resigned; and the judge was actually obliged to go home and leave the litigants to take care of themselves.

Grand Electrical Apparatus.—The celebrated mineralogist, Mr. Crosse, of Bristol, England, who has devoted many years of his life to scientific pursuits, has probably the most valuable and powerful electrical apparatus in the world. That portion of it which he designed for measuring, collecting and operating with atmospheric electricity, cost him more than £3000, although most of the mechanical contrivances have been executed by himself. He collects it by the aid of wires, insulated by means of glass tubes, and extended from elevated poles to poles, or from tree to tree, on his grounds and park. The wires are connected with an apparatus in a window of his organ gallery, which may be detached at pleasure, when too violent, by simply turning an insulated lever; but at ordinary times it may be conducted to a ball suspended over the great battery, which, connected with it, is charged rapidly, and is then discharged by means of an universal discharger. Sometimes the current is so great as to charge and discharge the great battery *twenty times a minute*, with reports as loud as a cannon, which being contiguous, are terrible to strangers, and alarm the whole neighborhood; among which there are many reports, about Mr. Crosse's dealing in thunder and lightning. His principal electrical battery is a magnificent one of fifty jars, combining seventy-three square feet of coating. To charge it requires two hundred and fifty vigorous turns of the wheel, and its discharge makes a report as loud as a blunderbuss. It fuses and disperses wires of various metals.

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from abroad, addressed to an intimate friend of the late Dr. Bowditch, residing in this city, which states—that had this eminent man lived a few weeks longer he would have been numbered among the members of the Institute of France. His works had been referred to a Committee; inquiries respecting him had been made of respectable Americans then in Paris; and, indeed, all the preliminaries settled; and there was no doubt of his nomination and appointment. But within three weeks after this the sad news of his death was received. Though this appointment would have added little to the fame of Dr. Bowditch, yet it were to be wished that the Institute had moved a little earlier, since such a tribute from such a body would have been gratifying to him, and an honor to our country. How rarely this distinction is conferred on foreigners may be inferred from the fact, that the number of *associes etrangers* of the class to which Dr. Bowditch would doubtless have been added (*Academie des Sciences*) is only *ten.*—*Salem Gazette.*

The Legislature of Connecticut have passed an act to abolish imprisonment for debt, containing the following provisions:

'Act to abolish imprisonment for debt, and to repeal an act therein mentioned. When a person who has been a resident in the State three months, shall be arrested on mesne process, or contract, he may require plantiff to take him before a Justice, to take the poor prisoner's oath and be liberated, unless the plaintiff shall have made affidavit on the writ that defendant has assigned, removed or concealed, or is about to dispose of his property to defraud said creditor, or is about to leave the state.—2d. The defendant, on giving four days notice to the plaintiff, may before final judgment apply to the Court to administer to him the poor prisoner's oath, which oath may be administered, and execution issue against property only.'

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

It is open to all who may be in want of Unitarian Books and Tracts for distribution; and the Directors would inform such persons that they will be supplied gratis, on application as above. Besides the monthly tracts issued by the Unitarian Association, the Depository is supplied with various other treatises in defence of Liberal Christianity; and friends at a distance who write for them will be promptly supplied. Address David Reed, Publisher of the Christian Register.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Dr Sharp, Rev. Howard Malcom, to Miss R. Ann, eldest daughter of Ezra Dyer.

In this city, Dr Eben Seaver to Miss Mary E. Davis.

In West Cambridge, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr Damon, Mr William A. Russell, of Charlestown, to Miss Harriet, daughter of David Hill, Esq. of W. C.

In Bradford, on Tuesday last, Mr Daniel Kimball, of the firm of Keyes & Kimball, of this city, to Miss Charlotte C. Tenney, of B.

In Lancaster, 15th inst. by Rev. Dr Thayer, Capt. Charles J. Wilder to Miss Eliza Carter, both of L.

In Portland, 17th inst., Mr Thomas Wall to Miss Ann Weldron, of Boston.

In Clinton, La. 30th ult. Professor H. H. Gird, of Jackson College, La. to Miss Elizabeth L. Wheeler, of Worcester, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Monday, Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr Benj. Hanners, 43; 22d, Mary Jane, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Stebbins, 3 yrs. 10 mos; Mr Jotham Haven, 79.

In this city, on Tuesday last, Mrs Jerusha Hayford, 67.

In Roxbury, 25th inst. Mr James L. Smith, formerly of Windham, Conn. 58.

In Cambridge, 11th inst. Mrs Sally Putnam, wife of Mr John Sawin, Jr. 31.

In Medfield, Mass. 16th inst. of consumption, Mrs Nancy Ashton, wife of Josiah V. Ashton, 29.

In Warwick, R. I. Dr Christopher N. Greene, 29.

In Grafton, 24th inst. Mrs Harriet, wife of Rev. Edward B. Hall, of Providence, and daughter of Rev. Professor Ware of Harvard University, 36. She had accompanied her husband on an exchange, and was suddenly seized with violent disease, which, after a few hours of extreme suffering, terminated in death. A Wife, a Mother, a Daughter, a Sister, a Friend, dutiful and endeared in all the tender and interesting relations—an highly accomplished, benevolent and energetic Woman—a Christian, whose light shone brightly and meekly through a steadily progressive life—who can estimate her loss to her surviving friends, or conceive of her own Heavenly reward?

In Wayland, 20th inst. Mr David Baldwin, 48.

In Portland, 22d inst. Reuben Morton, Esq., one of the earliest and most enterprising merchants of that city.

In New Haven, Conn. June 18th, Thomas Hubbard, M. D. Professor of Surgery in the Medical Institution of Yale College, 63.

In Norfolk, Va. June 15, Mr William Hale, 47, a native of Beverly, Mass.

In Louisville, Ky. Mr Hamilton Prince Bartlett, 28, formerly of Boston.

In Kinderhook, N. Y. 10th inst. Miss Jane Van Buren, sister of the President of the United States, 58.

In Louisville, Ky. 12th inst. of a disease of the heart, Mr Jefferson Clark, printer, formerly of this city, 38. He was a strictly honest man—hard-working and industrious, and much respected by his acquaintances.

In Cincinnati, 17th inst. Mrs Sally, widow of the late Mr George Jackson, of this city.

In New Orleans, Capt. Nathaniel G. Wild, of this city, 30.

In New Orleans, 4th inst. of small pox, Mr Jeremiah Chapman, of this city, 24; same day, Mary L. Chapman, youngest daughter of Mr C. 2 years.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, NO. 87.

THIS day published, The Christian Examiner and General Review for July.

CONTENTS.

Wayland's Limitations
Grund's Americans
Berkley and his Philosophy
Carlyle's French Revolution
Geological Surveys
Miss Martineau
Notices and Intelligence
Index and Titlepage

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TALFOURD'S NEW TRAGEDY.—The Athenian Captive, first acted in Covent Garden only thirty days since, published this day by

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THE Christian Examiner and General Review. Edited by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, of Boston, and Rev. James Walker, D. D., of Charlestown.

The first series of this work, consisting of five volumes, was published in the five years immediately preceding 1829, and with the beginning of that year the New Series was commenced, now comprising eighteen volumes. These volumes embrace a wide range of subjects, and their general character may be inferred, by those who are unacquainted with the work itself, from the following list of the principal contributors.

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Each number will, on an average of the six, contain 136 pages octavo, and with every third number will be given a title-page, table of contents, and index, making in all two volumes a year, each containing about 408 pages.

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NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Citizens of Boston and its vicinity, that he continues to manufacture Trusses of every description, at his residence, at the Old Stand opposite 264, No. 305 Washington Street, Boston. (Entrance in Temple Avenue—up stairs.) All individuals can see him alone at any time, at the above place. Having had eighteen years' experience, in which he has afforded relief to 1500 persons for the last three or four years, all may rest assured of relief who call and try Trusses of his manufacture. He has had an opportunity of seeing a great number of individuals afflicted with the most distressing cases of rupture at the Charlestown Poor-House, of which his father (Dea. Gideon Foster) is now, and has been for more than twenty-four years, the keeper; and he is now confident he can give every individual relief who may be disposed to call on him.

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☞

POETRY.

A LONG WHILE AGO.

BY L. E. L.

Still hangeth down the old accustomed willow,
Hiding the silver underneath each leaf,
So droops the long hair from some maiden pillow,
When midnight heareth the else silent grief.
There floats the water lily like a sovereign
Whose lovely empire is a fairy would,
The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,
As when its fragile ivory uncurled
A long while ago.

I hear the bees in sleepy music winging
From the wild thyme where they have passed the noon;
There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing,
Stirring the white spray with the same sweet tune;
Fragrant the tansy breathing from the meadows,
As the west wind bends down the long green grass,
Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadows
Of the light clouds pass as they wont to pass
A long while ago.

There are the roses which we used to gather
To bind a young fair brow no longer fair;—
Ah! art thou mocking us, thou summer weather,
To be so sunny with the loved one?—Where?
'T is not her voice, —'t is not her step—that lingers
In lone familiar sweetness on the wind,
The bee, the bird, are now the only singers—
Where is the music once with theirs combined
A long while ago?

As the lorn flowers that in her pale hand perished
Is she who only hath a memory here,
She was so much a part of us, so cherished—
So young that even love forgot to fear.
Now is her image paramount, it reigneth
With a sad strength that time may not subdue;
And memory a mournful triumph gaineth,
As the slow looks we cast around renew
A long while ago.

Thou lovely garden! where the summer covers
The tree with green leaves, and the ground with flowers;
Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers—
The past—the grave of our once happy hours.
It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming
Of nature's changeless loneliness, and feel
That with the sunshine round, the heart is dreaming
Darkly o'er wounds inflicted, not to heal,
A long while ago.

Ah, visit not the scenes where youth and childhood
Passed years that deepened as those years went by;
Shadows will darken in the careless wild wood—
There will be tears upon the tranquil sky.
Memories, like phantoms, haunt me while I wander
Beneath the drooping boughs of each old tree,
I grow too sad as mournfully I ponder
Things that are not—and yet that used to be—
A long while ago.

Worn out, the heart seems like a ruined altar;
Where are the friends and where the faith of yore?
My eyes grow dim with tears—my footsteps falter—
Thinking of those whom I can love no more.
We change, and others change—while recollection
Would fain renew what it can but recall,
Dark are life's dreams, and weary its affection,
And cold its hopes—and yet I felt them all,
A long while ago.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Mysterious oft it seem to me,
How I a being came to be,
Since, through the myriad years gone by,
Suns rose and set, yet lived not I.

Streams flowed, birds sung—the earth, the sea
Were in their motions fixed or free;
Each part was portion of a whole—
Yet was not I a living soul.

Of countless millions that have been,
No record lives, no trace is seen;
Yet earth is green, the heavens are blue,
As they with death had naught to do.

And now I live, and breathe, and move—
Life with its wondrous powers to prove;
Awake to knowledge of things past,
In life—a life not long to last.

All natures, since the world began,
Are subject to the mind of man;
Knowledge in insect, flower, and stone—
I learn all natures but my own.

The undiscovered, undefined,
In regions of the heart and mind,
Where wing of thought has never soared,
Realms by the poet unexplored.

Revolving these—to ear, heart, eye,
Mysterious seems it man should die;
So like a God, in soul supreme,
Yet evanescent as a dream.

Days, years, pass on, and I am not—
Like myriads heretofore forgot;
A speck of life, a mound of earth,
Extinct as I had never birth.

A leaf now green, now dark, now sear,
A drop of dew, a human tear,
A wandering wind that moans, then sleeps,
A rain drop in the boundless deeps.

Ages in light sweet flowers will blow
Above, whilst I am dust below;
And 'joy and beauty hand in hand,'
Make Eden of the living land.

O God! and wilt thou never more
This life, resumed, again restore?
Can that which knows there is a God
Again be nothing but a clod?

Great Animator of this dust!
O breathe in me sublimer trust
Than that which, grovelling, sinks to steep
This ending life in endless sleep!

My bed in dust and deepest night
Thy word can fill with heavenly light,
And make the flowers about my grave
With a triumphant beauty wave.

THE MAN OF TWO THOUGHTS.

An equal pace most minds have caught,
Not one goes slower or faster.
Think twice—act out your second thought—
And you become their master.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FACTS RESPECTING CLOUDS.

Mr Monck Mason, who, it will be recollected, made an aerial excursion to Germany, dwells, in his *Aeronautica*, on the discovery, that clouds often appear in layers, with clear intervening horizontal spaces between them, and states, as a general rule, that wherever a fall of rain is present, and the sky is entirely overcast with clouds, 'there will be invariably found to exist another stratum of the same bodies at a certain elevation above the former;' and, on the contrary, 'whenever, with the same apparent condition of the sky, rain is altogether or generally absent, the aeronaut, upon traversing the canopy immediately above him, may infallibly calculate upon entering into an upper hemisphere, either perfectly cloudless, or so far destitute of such bodies as not much to interfere with the general character here bestowed upon it.' This observation, which, independent of its value in other respects, is an addition to the stock of the meteorologist which he could never have obtained without the cooperation of the aeronaut, may be relied upon; it has been confirmed by the experience of Mr Green, throughout a course of nearly two hundred and fifty ascents, and corroborated by that of various other aeronauts, both at home and abroad. * * Varied as are the positions of the clouds, and the forms under which they present themselves, the stations which they occupy in the realms of space is confined enough, and comparatively speaking, but little removed above the immediate surface of the earth itself. As a general rule, the natural region of the clouds may be stated to be a stratum of the atmospheres lying between the level of the first thousand feet, and that of one removed about ten thousand above it. Not but that, occasionally, clouds may be found that trespass very considerably on both sides of the bounds here assigned to them, sometimes penetrating in wreaths of mist to the depths of the lowest valleys, while, on the other hand, long after the aeronaut has passed the other level of these fancied limits, some faint indications of their existence may still be seen, partially obscuring the dark blue vault above him; such excesses, however, are by no means frequent, and may, in fact, rather be considered in the light of exceptions to a rule than as evidences tending to impugn its general correctness. * * * Should the condition of the sky prove to be of the nature of that alluded to (where, for instance, a dense layer of clouds completely intercept all view of the earth,) the aeronaut will probably have an opportunity of observing another phenomenon connected with the disposition of the vapory strata, the beautiful manner in which even when under the influence of rapid motion, they seem to accommodate themselves to all the variation of form in the surface of the subjacent soil, rising with its prominences and sinking with its depressions; displaying in short a 'counterfeit presentment' of the country over which they lie, and enabling the spectator to form, as it were, a sort of phrenological estimate of the character and disposition of the material world within. Indeed, I have heard Mr Green declare that, with the bird's-eye knowledge of the country his long experience has conferred upon him, he has frequently been able to determine beforehand the district into which he was about to descend, at times when, from the general concealment of the landscape, such information must have been otherwise altogether unattainable. That the sky is not blue, but 'outer darkness,' and, consequently, a black vault, is discussed, but we have not room for the argument.

ANECDOTE OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.—The following anecdote, highly creditable to the persons concerned, was related by one of the speakers (the Rev. R. Newton, for the accuracy of which he vouched,) at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Auxiliary Missionary Society, held at Liverpool a few days ago. A poor but truly pious widow, placed in charge of a light-house on the southern coast, had resolved to devote the receipts of one day in the year, during the visiting season, to the missionary cause.—On one of these days, a lady in widow's weeds, and a little girl in deep mourning, came to see the light-house. Sympathy in misfortune, he supposed, led to conversation, and before the unknown visiter took her departure, they had most probably mingled their tears together. The lady left behind her a sovereign. The unusually large gratuity immediately caused a conflict in the breast of the poor woman as to whether she was absolutely bound to appropriate the whole to the missionary box or not. At length she compromised by putting in half-a-crown. But conscience would not let her rest. She went to bed, but could not sleep. She rose, took back the half crown, put in the sovereign, returned to bed, and slept comfortably. A few days afterwards, to her great surprise, she received a double letter, franked, and opening it she was not more astonished than delighted to find 20*l.* from the widow lady, and 5*l.* from the little girl in deep mourning. And who were that lady and that little girl? No other than her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, and our present rightful and youthful sovereign, Queen Victoria.

Bell's Weekly Mess.

THE BATTLE OF ELEVEN HUNDRED HORSES. Two of the (Spanish) regiments which had been quartered in Fuen were cavalry, mounted on fine long tailed black Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses eleven hundred in number, and Romano was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles therefore were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued which probably never before was witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore in the course of a quarter of an hour, was strown with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romano, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them: but it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses remaining were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction.—*Southey's History of the Peninsular War.*

Bust of Mæcenas.—A bust of this noble Roman, the friend of Virgil and Horace, and an illustrious patron of learning, was found in an excavation made by Professor Maurie, at Carsoli, the ancient Carsuli, about seventy miles from Rome, on the Flaminian Way, in the spring of 1830. It was of colossal size, of pure Parian marble, and perfect in every feature. On being cleared of its incrustation, the modelling of the work was seen to be of that masculine firmness, which characterizes the style of the epoch of Augustus, excelling in what is called a broad manner—the execution that of a master—with the greatest severity and grandeur; the emaciation by age of the individual represented being faithfully preserved. The striking resemblance of the bust—and this is the only bust of Mæcenas now known to exist—to the gems and picture of Mæcenas was at once recognized by the most eminent antiquaries and learned men at Rome.—*British Association for the advancement of Science.*

[From the National Ægis.]

COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Joseph B. Felt.

[*Continued.*]

GIRDLES AND BELTS.

At the same time that our civil fathers showed their dislike to lace, they did the same against girdles and belts wrought with gold and silver thread. These were used by both sexes, round the waist, ostensibly for the purpose of keeping their clothes tight. The girdle was sometimes so made as to carry money Thus adapted, it resembled the *zone* of the Scriptures, and it has been long used in the East for holding up the hyke or robe of both sexes. The preceding order of Massachusetts Legislature did not have full and perpetual effect. One of our public prints, in 1735, speaks of silver girdles, as well known articles of attire. They are continued to the present time under the name of sash, as a part of military uniform for officers. The belt has long prevailed for the purpose of carrying some weapon. South remarks,—'Hector was dragged about the walls of Troy, by the *belt*, given him by Ajax.' But having, as previously expressed, not only warlike but other uses, it has had its several reigns. About fifteen years since, it was resumed by the ladies. It progressively reinstated itself in their favor, and became rather an object of satire, from the variety of its texture, and from its width, and the largeness of the buckles and clasps with which it was fastened At present, its popularity seems to be on the wane.

CAPS.

These of woollen, cotten, worsted, velvet, silk, and fur have been worn by males from the first settlement of our country. As seen on the portraits of some who helped to lay the foundations of New England, they appear to have been composed of black silk. Among such likenesses are those of Rev. Francis Higginson of Salem, and others. While a few aged gentlemen have appeared with such caps, of dark cloth, more of their number are seen with those of white. Young men and those of middle life seldom have their heads covered with articles of this description, nor have they for over a half century, nor ever so much as their seniors. Caps, manufactured from various species of fur and cloth, as well as from leather, and serving instead of hats, have abounded for the last ten years. Before and after 1700, ladies, when dressed, would have handkerchiefs or fine pieces of cloth thrown over their white lawn cap so as to show a little of its border on the top front, Such additional articles for the head, would sometimes be tied in a square knot on the neck, and more frequently would fall down the back, over the shoulders and the front. In the former case, they fully showed the long ends of the cap on the breast, and in the latter merely its small tips. These cap coverings were for the most part of a black color. They had much the appearance of a nun's head dress. Mob caps seem to have been worn, in a greater or less degree, from the first emigration to this country. The fly cap, put over the high cushions, were quite popular before our revolution. It resembled one which was fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth. When in its greatest ascension, it must have reminded spectators, familiar with past history, of those described as follows by Monsieur Paradin in the 14th century: 'These old fashioned top knots rose an ell above the head, pointed like steeples, had long peices of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed and hung down the back like streamers.' It may not be amiss to relate that Thomas Connecte commenced a crusade against such dress in France While his eloquence was heard, multitudes of ladies brought out their soaring head dresses and committed them to the flames, as the hearers of Paul did their books of magic at Ephesus. Though none are engaged in such a Mission as Connecte's in our country, yet the caps of yankee ladies came down as the altitude of their cushions diminished.

TURBAN, TIRE, OR TIARA.

This has always been more or less worn by our females. It seems to have been adopted by Europe from eastern nations, where it has been known for many centuries. In reference to it, Shakspeare says:—

'There is her picture:—let me see.—
If I had such a *tire*, this face of mine
Were full as lovely, as is this of hers.'

RUFFLES.

Though these, of a white color, were formerly synonymous with ruffs, which were worn round the neck, yet, in the present sense, we speak of them as used for the arm and breast. As either single or double, they were abundantly seen on both sexes during the long period that short sleeves prevailed. They varied from wide to narrow as fashion dictated. While appearing on the arm or at the wrist of males both young and old, they did not fail to show themselves, of considerable longitude, out of their waistcoats at the breast, as purposely left unbuttoned. At the same period, they were often beheld, as they have been more or less since, around the tops, of ladies' gowns. Ruffles have ever been worn by children of the more wealthy and even of others, as an ornament tospread over the top part of the jackets of boys, or to border the upper part of the gowns of girls. Though it is about forty years since they were dispensed with by gentleman at the wrist, as an appendage inconvenient for industrious habits, still they have never been so much laid aside as a portion of male attire for the bosom.

PATCHES.

These were invented in the reign of Edward VI., who died in 1553, by a lady, who was thus assisted to hide a wen, which had occasioned to her no small share of mortification. From this, however absurd it may seem, persons of both sexes, with skins unblemished and fair as the pulse fed companions of Daniel, would parade black patches on their faces, and regard them as giving to their countenance a more beautiful aspect. Such a custom prevailed in New England till half a century since. It gave rise to the expression, beauty spots, which is sometimes uttered on humorous occasions. It has chiefly given court plaister its popularity even to this time as a covering for any real or pretended pestule on the skin. The Belinda of Pope is made to say:—

'This the morning omens seemed to tell—
Twice from my trembling hand, the *Patch* box fell.'

UMBRELLA.

This, at first sight, may hardly seem to come among our habiliments. But as we carry it for shelter, if not for ornament, as we do our hats, it lays some just claim for admission to be classed with them. The umbrella was not known to the primitive inhabitants of this country. If caught in a shower or exposed to a summer's sun, they had no such convenient covering. The umbrella appeared in the East long before its introduction to Europe and America. It is mentioned by M. de la Loubere, envoy from France to Siam, in 1687, as then having been worn by the Siamese. He relates that our umbrella, of only one round covering, was accounted there the least honorable, and was used by the Mandarins while their sovereign had several rounds, like so many umbrellas above each other on one handle. It is well that Providence has kindly cast our lot, in a land and under a government where frivolous and burdensome etiquette is not very often suffered to hinder our consulting of convenience and comfort. About 1712, Gay thus mentions the article in view, as existing in England, and of course, it was used here, for our country followed that just as much as an imitative daughter follows the dress of her fashionable mother:—

'Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise,
Or underneath the *umbrella's* oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.'

The umbrella, however, was not much worn by our ancestors before the peace of independence, and when owned it was kept with far greater care than at present. I have heard of an aged lady, who, when young, purchased an umbrella which was found in her drawer after she died, though it had been her companion on all occasions of making as respectable appearance as her neighbors. It is not till within thirty-five years, that every family in comfortable circumstances, had one or more of such an article. Small ones, denominated Parasols came into notice forty years past. Though umbrellas had formerly to combat with the prejudice of being rather unmanly, and many of the more sturdy sex would rather have a wet or scorched head, than to be seen with them, yet they have mostly outlived such opposition, and are readily carried by males as well as females, as a healthy guard against heat and wet.

(*To be continued.*)

Steam Carriages on Common Roads.—A very able Committee of the House of Commons decided, in 1832, that steam carriages could be propelled with considerable velocity on common roads, with perfect safety, and could ascend the steepest hills without the aid of horses. * * * There is no doubt that steam carriages, on the common roads, are under perfect control, are the safest steam machines ever used, are to be propelled at great velocity, are capable of ascending the loftiest hills, and of being regulated in their speed down any descent. They are not to be stopped by snow which is not high enough to cover the engines; and even in that case, a proper front would open a passage where horses could not work. In weather like that which now prevails, the road is superior for locomotive carriages to railways, as they present as hard a fulcrum with as much more surface friction as to allow the engines to work with the greatest effect. In summer they make no dust; in winter they can be kept at any required temperature; as the fire is behind, no ashes can come in contact with the passengers, as on the railways; the motion is the easiest known, and there is less noise than in a common carriage. Can any mechanic or reflecting man doubt, that those vehicles will not soon be placed on the roads? As soon as coach-masters, inn-keepers, and the proprietors of property on the common roads feel the injury that must ensue if the whole transit is diverted from them to the railways, they will come forward and support the application of steam mechanical power for carriage of persons and goods. Where the roads are so soft (which is the worst condition they can present to a steam carriage) as to retard the required velocity they will be made hard; where the hills are very steep they will be lowered, though that is by no means necessary; and where rough they will be made smooth. The concrete road of which there is a specimen beyond Lower Grosvenor-place, towards Vauxhall bridge, is, *taking into consideration every circumstance*, superior to a railway for practical purposes. On a well made road, consisting of hill and dale and level, a steam carriage will go at twenty miles an hour, carrying thirty persons and the usual quantity of luggage either on the vehicle or in a covered cart behind. The *average* number of persons who go on a train on the Liverpool and Manchester line is sixty, and, generally, a second engine is required to assist their ascent up the 'inclined plane:' it follows *mercantilely speaking*, that there is little or no difference between the railway carriage and the vehicle destined to run on the common roads. When the expense of the railway and all its appendages are brought into the calculation, the balance is decidedly in favor of the common road.

Indian Relics.—A mound in this city has been partially opened this week, and our citizens are picking up beads, arrow points, stone knives, and various other instruments and ornaments. One skeleton has been discovered entire, and portions of others. On counting the grains of the stump of a tree that stands upon the top of the mound, it appears that this tree must have been about one hundred and fifty years old. It has been cut down about sixteen years. We suppose that this ancient receptacle of the dead must have been formed about two hundred years ago.—*Ohio City Argus.*

A fatal riot recently occurred near Canterbury. An insane person calling himself Sir William H. H. Courtenay led the rioters on. This character is mentioned as having had very persuasive powers of eloquence. In 1833 he paid a visit to Canterbury, and was known there at that time as an eccentric individual. An election for Parliament having come on, he set up as a candidate. Eventually he was indicted for perjury in advocating the cause of a party of smugglers on the Kentish coast. He was tried and sentenced to transportation, but his punishment was commuted to confinement in an institution for the insane. After four years he was released on security being given for his good behavior. On being set at liberty he collected a mob and inflamed it with his harangues. A detachment of soldiery was called out to quell it, and Sir William on encountering the troops deliberately shot the Lieutenant, and he was shot in turn. Eleven persons were killed and ten wounded, some of them supposed desperately. The riot exceeds in the brutish dispositions and miserable credulity of those engaged in it, any thing of the kind known in this country.—*Eng. paper.*

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